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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 53 - Prize Contests

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Werner's Readings and Recitations

No. 53

Prize Contests

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Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 53

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LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

ALICE LOUISE LEE.

STEVENSON, the manager, regarded the list frowningly. "Poorest show we've had for an amateur performance this year," he grumbled, "and Christmas Eve too. The boys always expect a treat Christmas Eve." Suddenly the door was thrust open and a voice called out: "Remember that this night belongs to the Babe of Bethlehem. What will you do for Him?"

Stevenson whirled about in time to catch a glimpse of a Salvation Army worker. Then the door closed, the offering within being a large print representing the Mother and Child in the manger at Bethlehem.

The oath on the manager's lips was stayed. "Same thing," he muttered, picking up the picture; "haven't seen one before in years. She hung it in the kitchen, I remember, between the windows," and, dropping his forehead on his hands, his memory journeyed back over the years to the old Vermont farm long since deserted. Again he sat in the family sleigh between his father and mother on his way to the Sunday-school Christmas-tree.

A knocking at the door interrupted him. "Come in," he shouted.

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Slowly a man stepped inside. "Good evening, can I speak with you a minute?"

The manager took silent measure of his caller, a tall man with hollow cheeks and eyes full of anxiety. From his neglected crop of hair to his worn shoes the man revealed a fruitless hand-to-hand struggle with poverty. In the crook of the man's arm was a bedquilt-wrapped baby.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"To-night after the performance you let amateurs do stunts for prizes, don't you?"

"A few amateurs—yes."

"The prizes is ten and five?"

Stevenson nodded.

Suddenly the bundle in the man's arms wriggled; the bedquilt fell away and there emerged a two-year-old morsel of smiling, dimpling babyhood. "I say!" exclaimed Stevenson, "she's all right." He awkwardly extended his pudgy forefinger. The baby looked him over. Then the little face began to dimple and she boldly stretched out both arms toward a glittering bit on the man's shirt-front. Stevenson grinned as he enthroned her on his protruding waistcoat.

"Will you give me a chance to-night? I got to have the money."

"What's your stunt?"

"Whistling."

"Um-m, what can you whistle?"

"Oh—all the songs: 'Annie Laurie' and 'Comin' Thro' the Rye' and 'Home, Sweet Home'—I got to have the money at once or I wouldn't have—come—here—of all places. For two weeks now I've been out of a job."

"Have you ever faced a crowd?"

"No, but I've got to get home with the baby."

"And home is——"

"Up State on Lake Champlain. I'm a carpenter, and up there when there ain't work in my line to do there's the farm and

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always plenty to eat. I know it's dull. There wa'n't nothin' to go to, and she got lonesome. She wanted to come to the city, and we come."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. We got along all right at first. I got work, and the baby came, and then——"

"Well?"

"She used to come here a lot; said it was hard to be cooped up in the flat along with the baby all day. So some nights I stayed with Baby, and she come here for amusement, and a few weeks ago—well—she didn't come home. That's all."

The manager sat quietly looking at the Mother and Babe and saw the picture, not on his desk but between the windows in that old Vermont kitchen.

"Will you give me a chance?" asked the man.

"Yes," said the manager, as in a dream.

A few moments later Stevenson was left alone.

The door leading to the stage opened and the "girl in pink" walked in. "Here yet, Nick?" she asked, and drew the picture toward her. Her eye was arrested by the message below the print: "This night belongs to the Babe of Bethlehem. What will you do for Him?" "Why, it's Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

Stevenson tipped his chair back. "Sallie, you're just the one I wanted to see. Will you stay to-night into the amateur performance and——"

"No! I don't stand for being bored by any amateurs."

"——and take care of a little kid while the father whistles—or tries to?"

"When will he come on?"

"Second number, and I expect I'll have to give him the hook before he's been on three minutes."

Sallie's eyes opened widely. The manager was not accustomed to taking on amateurs who did not promise well. Then her eyes fell on the picture. The words stared up at her: "This night belongs to the Babe of Bethlehem. What will you

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do for Him?" Over her shoulder she threw a careless "All right, Nick, I'll stay."

Amateur night was popular. The curtain rose on a packed house. The third gallery was almost exclusively masculine. Farther down women appeared. One with a noticeably pretty face and large brown eyes sat in the second orchestra row beside a heavy dark man.

The last number was popular; it was the dance of the "girl in pink." A buzz of approval began with the darkening of the stage. The buzz became a cheer when a spot of pink light traveled across the stage to a wing at the left. The cheer became a chorus of delight when the pink light engulfed Sallie throwing kisses and kicks at the galleries, her fingers holding out her skirts, her graceful body bending low in a salute.

From his position in the darkened wing Hiram Long stared out on the appalling audience, his body numb with terror. Mechanically he clung to the baby, who, awakening with the last number, spat her hands delightedly at the spangled, dancing apparition that Hiram scarcely saw. And when, the dance ended, Sallie appeared breathless in the wing, the child received her fearlessly, while behind her the curtain fell on the regular performance.

* * * * * *

Amateur hour had come.

"Hurry up, Nick," urged the third gallery. "We can't hang around all night. Give us a winner to-night—a peach."

Hiram Long handed the baby to the "girl in pink." His tongue clicked against the roof of his mouth, shudders convulsed his gaunt frame. He was dimly aware of the first amateur, Annie Stettler, a young girl in long, heavy braids and high-heeled shoes, who advanced to the footlights with all the confidence which he lacked.

"Hello, Annie! Does yer ma know yer here?" asked the third gallery. . . . "Did all that hair grow on yer head or on Third Avenue? . . . Pipe 'er up lively, now."

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Obediently Annie "piped" "The Drunkard's Daughter," with much melodramatic gesticulation. Behind her stood the manager, his great bulk raised on tiptoe in imitation of Annie's high heels, his head tilted sidewise coquettishly, smiling and throwing kisses over the head of the performer at the third gallery. They manifested their approval by tossing nickels and dimes over the footlights and by singing "Good-night, Annie," as she bowed herself back into the wings.

"Now, boys," Stevenson advanced to the front, "it's Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Betcher life it is!"

"Well, boys, our next number is a whistling stunt by Hiram Long—'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The brown-eyed young woman in the second row started violently. She caught her breath and sank back motionless as the heavy man beside her pressed his elbow against her arm.

Stevenson disappeared into the wing, and came on backward, leading the dazed whistler by both hands. He spread his elbows widely and waved them like wings, but no amount of elephantine play could conceal from the audience the utter collapse of Hiram Long.

Up rose a prolonged groan which began in a single voice from the pit and swelled in volume, leaping from gallery to gallery and from side to side of the theater.

Long drew a gasping breath and puckered his lips. The faintest sound only came.

"Aw, give 'im the hook!" came the command.

"No, oh no!" The brown-eyed young woman was leaning forward now, her hands strained together.

"Hook 'im out of sight!" insisted the galleries. "Send 'im back to his 'Home, Sweet Home' in the woods!"

In the wing behind the whistler was Sallie clinging to the baby's skirts.

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Near by stood Annie Stettler clinking the coin bestowed on her by the audience. A bright nickel slipped through her fingers and rolled out toward the stage. With a gurgle the baby broke away and toddled after it. In an instant Sallie was on her feet. Unceremoniously she snatched half a dozen pieces from their possessor's hand and tossed them one by one just ahead of the baby out toward the footlights. Spat—spat—spat—they fell with an alluring gleam which charmed the baby on. She bent above the pieces, planting her tiny palms flat over them, her brown hair falling about her chubby face. She sat back on her flat little heels, cooing and nodding in her fruitless efforts to gather up the coin.

If the audience had been noisy before, it was wild now. Down in front men and women stood up to see the baby. Those behind stood unreproved on their seats. Coins began to rain on the stage from all quarters, and presently the baby stood up, shook back her brown locks and bared her tiny white teeth in laughter as she lifted her dimpled arms to meet the shower.

In the second orchestra row the brown-eyed young woman was sobbing great wrenching sobs.

Stevenson gripped Long's arm. "Begin again! Don't break. Sallie will look out for the baby. Keep on."

It did not matter now that no one was heeding the pitiful efforts of the father. Stevenson knew a hit when he saw one. The baby tired of the play first, then Sallie appeared and lifted the baby tenderly. The baby, turned suddenly shy, waved only a half-hearted good-by at the audience and then was borne away, her face buried among the spangles on Sallie's bosom.

The second number was finished. The ushers hurried about the stage, harvesting such crop of coin as seldom grew there. Stevenson mopped his glowing face and conducted the dazed Long back to the wing.

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The seat in the second row beside the dark, heavy man was vacant.

Other amateurs of more or less interest followed. Then came the popular awarding of prizes by the audience. The manager ranged the competing performers in a row before the footlights. Standing back of the row, he held his hand over the head of the first. A mild volley of cheers followed. He moved on to Hiram Long. A confusion ensued which could not be interpreted as applause. As he moved up the line the confusion was more prominent than the applause, swelling finally to a chorus of dissatisfaction. Stevenson smiled but proceeded in regular order until the last of the amateurs had been reached. Then he swung about toward the wings, received something white and, stepping forward, confidently held up the baby.

The audience arose as one man. It yelled. It stamped. It pounded. Not a doubt remained as to whom the first prize belonged.

A few moments later Stevenson came on a group in the wing. A brown-eyed young woman was tenderly wrapping the baby in the old bedquilt. Wistfully she glanced over the baby's head at Hiram Long. The man sat very still, his head in his hands.

An usher brought him a heap of coin. He looked at it uncomprehendingly.

"Take it," urged Stevenson, "it's yours, and this too," adding the ten-dollar goldpiece.

"Come, man, wake up. It's Christmas morning and there's enough in that pile to take you up State—you and the baby, and—and your wife."

Hiram's gaze traveled upward from the baby to its mother.

"Mary, will you go back home with me to-day?"

"Will I? Oh, Hiram!" and she buried her face in the old bedquilt.

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RED RUPERT OF METUCHEN.

FRANK CONDON.

NO ONE would have suspected the truth about Red Rupert, if he had merely looked upon that famous character. There was nothing in the appearance of Rupert the Ruby to indicate that this small, soft-spoken individual was the desperado, man-killer, bandit, and straight-shooting character that the authorities had tried to capture for lo, these many years.

Red Rupert stood five-feet-four and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, but his name crept into the newspapers when an express-train stood and delivered its wealth, or when a crowd of outlaws took the sheriff's posse and stood it on its head in a spirit of mirth and abandon: Cattlemen, miners, loafers, road-agents, representatives of the law, and boys in the novel-reading stage discussed the famous outlaw much as Wall Street converses about the tariff.

* * * * * *

In the proud and happy town of Goddard, Arizona, there are about one thousand citizens, some of whom become hilarious when the lights are lit. Goddard contains three principal saloons. It is a law-abiding community, but it cannot be held responsible for the actions of men who ride in with money.

The Pig Iron Saloon was giving forth noise. Now and then a revolver cackled behind the doors. Songs were sung. The happy lads from Cosgrave's sheep-ranch were blowing in their coin.

Now and then came a lull. During one of these intermissions a little man, clad in a neat-fitting suit of gray, topped with a soft felt hat, rambled along the street and glanced casually into the Pig Iron. He brushed a bit of cigar-ash from the lapel of his coat, and entered.

The newcomer wore gray suede gloves. His necktie was

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of pale blue silk; his eyes also were pale blue in color, and a little wisp of yellow hair peeped from one side of his felt hat. He closed the door behind him and peered timidly into the volcano of smoke that rose before the bar.

When the red-faced proprietor of the Pig Iron turned toward him, he said in a mild voice:

"Could I get a glass of water, please?"

As though some one had waved a signal flag, an instantaneous hush descended upon the Pig Iron Saloon. The gentlemen of Cosgrave's ranch turned with one accord and gazed upon the mild little man.

The leader was Big Smith. He stood at the center of the long bar, surrounded by his comrades, and his money lay before him in a careless pile.

"I beg your pardon," said Big Smith, "but did I hear you ask the owner of this saloon for a glass of water?"

The little man nodded his head slowly.

"Plain water?" asked Big Smith.

Again the little man nodded. "I rarely drink alcoholic liquors," he said pleasantly. "I find they're bad for my liver."

"Men," said Big Smith, "did you hear what the accused said? Did you or did you not hear him insult one of our cherished institutions? Look at his hat, and tell me what you think of a citizen who can go about openly on our streets defying the law by wearing such a thing! Take a brief gaze at that necktie, and let your eyes rest on those gray gloves; and then think of this person walking in upon us without a word of warning, bursting into our little party, and ordering a glass of water as an insult to ourselves, our homes and families, and lastly to this, the greatest State in the Union!"

"I hope I'm not making any trouble," said the little man timidly.

"Trouble! You've ruined the reputation of Goddard and blotted the escutcheons of everybody for fifty miles around. Boys, what'll we do with this wrap-holder?"

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"I don't see nothing to do 'cept to kill him before he disgraces us worse," replied a tall gentleman with red whiskers.

"But how you going to kill him?" argued Big Smith. "No self-respecting bullet would mingle with his carcass. I suppose we'll have to drown him!"

"First off," added the man with the scarlet whiskers, "let's overcome this childish desire of his for water. Let's have a glass of strong whiskey for little Percival, after which we'll see how much he knows about dancin', singin', and otherwise amusin' a tired and bored outfit of citizens."

"Whiskey for one!" Big Smith roared. "Here, you"—aiming a heavy finger at the little man—"push this licker into you, and do it mighty sudden!"

The crowd of ranchmen gathered in a semicircle, and guns came out leisurely, but they were never raised. The little man in the gray suit had leaped at one bound to the opposite side of the room, and two revolvers of the heavy artillery type were pointing their wicked noses into the astounded group about the bar.

"Certainly I'll dance for you, gentlemen," the little man was saying in his mild tone; "but first let's talk, and the first man that moves a gun, snuffs out where he stands! My name's Red Rupert. Please introduce yourselves!"

The name of the terror of the Southwest struck the crowd like an electric flash. Big Smith's mouth remained wide open. The man with the red whiskers was trembling so that the muzzle of his gun rattled against the bar. There was a long silence.

"I guess," Big Smith said hesitatingly, "we've made a slight mistake. We hope you'll take a little joke, Mr. Rupert. We were only fooling—just rough sport, and not knowing who you was."

The little man smiled again. "You won't mind my drinking plain water?" he said.

"No," said Big Smith, "we won't."

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Guns slipped back into holsters, and Red Rupert replaced his armament. When he had left the Pig Iron, the Cosgrave ranchers surveyed one another with sickly smiles.

"Have one on me," Big Smith invited. "We came pretty near mixin' up with sudden death that time!"

Meanwhile, in the front room on the second floor of the Citizens' Hotel, in Goddard, a round-faced little woman sat in a rocking-chair, knitting. She was the wife of Mr. Harold Halsey, of Metuchen, New Jersey. Mr. Halsey was a drug-clerk. After he had wrapped up pills for ten years, his lungs collapsed, and his physician ordered him to the healing climate of the Southwest.

The door opened presently, and Mr. Halsey appeared. His face was white, his teeth chattered. His wife started up from her chair. As she did so, Mr. Halsey closed his eyes and sank to the floor in a deep swoon.

"Speak to me, Harold, dear!" his wife implored frantically.

He opened his pale blue eyes.

"My dear," he whispered, "if I hadn't read that article about Red Rupert, and noticed that he was a small, sandy-haired man like me, I should have been murdered in cold blood ten minutes ago!"

RACE FOR FREEDOM.

IN winding curves, by low-crowned hills, the Chattahoochee crept,
Where waxen pine-trees pierced the air, and moss-hung woodlands slept;
Then by a rambling shire-town poured its silent, amber flood,
And passed from sight beneath the boughs of dense, low-hanging wood;
While back from river and from town a valley outward spread,
Where waving corn-fields, darkly green, were strewn with poppies red.

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And there wide fields of cotton grew, with blossoms milky white,
Whose mellow fragrance lured from far the roving wild-bees' flight;
And down the rows green melons grew, with striped and mottled rinds,
Whose rounded sides half-hidden lay beneath their spreading vines;
While from the gnarled old apple-trees the mocking-birds sang clear,
And brisk gray squirrels skimmed the fence to raid the roasting ear.

An oval mile of level track lay just outside the town,
Where mettled racers, fleet of foot, had ofttime won renown;
And close by stood long rows of stalls about the circling ring,
Which each contained a steed whose worth was ransom for a king;
For twenty States had sent their best to win the race that day,
And twenty fleet-limbed coursers stamped, impatient with delay.

As noon's brief shadows longer grew o'er field and wood and street,
Vast crowds came thronging there from town and rustic country-seat;
And restless thousands filled the stand or loitered on the green,
Or lounged beneath the chestnut-trees and idly viewed the scene;
Nor was there lack of loveliness, or wealth, or pomp of pride—
All shades of life flowed equal in that surging human tide.

A drum-tap from the judges' stand rolled quivering through the air.
And hushed to silence every voice on turf and stand and stair.
Its note resounding signal gave to mount the flying train,

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Whose arching necks and dainty mouths rebelled at bit and rein;
Then forth they stepped, a royal band, with hides of burnished gold,
Or sparkling jet, or rosy bay, and dappled, fold on fold.

And last of all came Satinet, a splendid, half-tamed brute,
From whose fierce eyes the living fire in flashes seemed to shoot;
His silky hair was black as night, and gleamed as ebon rare,
While, like a Spanish maiden's veil, he tossed his mane in air.
A hundred sires of royal blood had blent in him their pride,
And fierce the air in gulps he drank through pinkish nostrils wide.

Two brawny negroes grasped his bit and led him plunging forth
In all his royal pride and strength, while, conscious of his worth,
He spurned the turf with shapely hoop or poised his dainty crest,
And flecked with foam his glossy sides and massive-muscled chest—
Then stood, an artist's model there, erect, with quivering frame,
An equine greyhound, long in limb, and gaunt and swift and game.

Out from the crowd a gray-haired man, with strong, yet kindly, face,
That children loved and cowards feared, strode forward to the place
Where stood the dark and mighty horse, and, with an owner's pride,
Surveyed his form from crest to heels, and scanned his glossy hide;

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Then eager spoke: "Where is the boy? Come, put the rider up!
That horse is fit to run to-day for more than golden cup."

A slave-boy slim, with impish grin, his master's elbow touched,
Then through the mane of Satinet his slender fingers clutched.
"Now, boy, that horse must win to-day; ride steady, strong and square,
And down the homestretch spur him red—or fail me if you dare!
Keep near yon gray, who'll lead the race, and head him at the turn,
And ride as though the golden cup were offered you to earn!"

"Den, Massa, if I win de race?" "I'll set you free!" he said.
Swift 'neath the young lad's swarthy skin the blood showed dusky red,
While o'er his face there flashed a look a king's own son might wear;
For kingly blood, of savage race, was hotly coursing there—
An ancient sire of his had ruled a tribe in Congo wild,
And now the chieftain seemed again to live within his child.

For well he knew his master's word was spoken to be kept,
And that to win the race that day meant freedom ere he slept.
Into the saddle sprang the boy, drew Satinet's loose rein,
Then backward waved the giant grooms and stroked his flowing mane.
Like bird uncaged, the horse, released, vain strove to dash away,
But in the boy a master found, and yielded to his sway.

Back from the wire some dozen rods the eager racers drew,
Then, launched like arrows, down the track and past the flag they flew.
"Go!" from the stand, and from the crowd an ever-swelling shout

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Rose on the air and rang behind the fast-receding rout.
Now, Satinet, put forth your strength, for swift must be your pace
If for the boy you freedom win and for yourself the race.

Far out around the circling track their steel-shod hoofs beat fast,
As head to head and neck to neck the flying squadron passed;
Then from the ruck a gallant gray drew out and led the flight,
With Satinet hard on his haunch, as dark and swift as night.
And leap for leap, and bound for bound, the flying coursers sprang,
Nor lost nor gained, while like a storm their thundering hoof-strokes rang.

And now they've reached the quarter-stretch, and still the flying gray,
With mighty stride and quickening speed, shows Satinet the way.
The boy's heart wavered at the pace—he gasped a strangled prayer—
Then forward bent, and swift his whip plied, whizzing through the air.
"Hurrah! Hurrah! The gray will win; they've nearly reached the wire!"
But Satinet felt keen the lash, and breathed a fiercer ire.

Now, head and head, they gasp and strain, with scarce a rod to run—
Now Satinet has passed the gray, and by a neck has won!
The rider reeled, the sun grew dim, as slowly back he rode,
Then senseless fell, o'ercome with joy that through his young heart flowed;
And as his master o'er him knelt, the boy's head on his knee,
He smiled through tears to hear him say: "T'ank God, I'se free! I'se free!"

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THE SPOKEN WORD.

EMILY RUTH CALVIN.

HIS real name was Edward Lee Knickerbocker, but his mother called him "Treasure-trove." In time this was shortened to "Trove," and the boy was seven years old and ready for school before the mother began to call him Edward.

"Trove," she asked, "shall you be glad to go to school to-morrow?"

Trove swung his sturdy legs. "Muvver, I guess I won't be glad. I shall be away from you all day."

Then he put his arms about her neck, and the two lovers rocked together in the old chair.

"Trove," she whispered, "you'll tell Mother everything, won't you?"

"Of course; and, Muvver, this'll be the last time you'll rock me."

"Oh, Trove, what do you mean?"

"I shall be grown up then, Muvver, and you mustn't rock me any more."

* * * * * *

So the boy started to school. Everything was fascinating. He went bounding home at noon and told his mother that his teacher had said he was a good boy.

"But, Muvver, lots and lots I can't remember. You want to know so much."

So a month passed.

He started off gayly to school one bright morning. The gong announced the hour of nine and the teacher called the roll. Then the children sang, and suddenly Trove remembered something that he had seen in the little strip of woods on his way to school, and in his excitement he cried out:

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"Teacher, I saw a ladybird this morning building a summer home——"

"Edward Lee Knickerbocker, sit down immediately. I shall cut your tongue out for talking without permission!"

The beauty of the world faded and all was dark as Trove obeyed. He stared pitifully at the teacher. He was only seven. But he had plenty of pluck, this little chap. He raised a trembling hand.

"When, Miss Greene?"

Miss Greene was puzzled for a moment.

"To-morrow," she answered curtly.

The morning passed in some way. Trove stumbled over the alphabet; he wondered how he could ever recite his lessons again without a tongue.

At noon he wandered away from the other boys.

"It will hurt," he confided to the air. Then he squared his shoulders and resolved that he must not tell Mother.

Going home he passed the ladybird—"You couldn't help it, bird," he said; "I'm not mad at you."

He straightened his shoulders again and marched into the sitting-room. Mother greeted him.

"Are you very tired, dear?"

"I'm heavier than I was this morning, Muvver, inside, I mean."

She did not draw him to her; he had been so independent of late.

"I'd like to sit outside on the doorstep. May I?"

"If you wish to, Trove."

He sank down on the top step and buried his chin in his palms. He wondered if tongues ever grew again after they had been cut out. Perhaps Mother could put some medicine on the roots that would start his to growing again. But he knew that for a long time he wouldn't be able to say anything.

Trove was surprised when he glanced down at his hands,

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for they were wet. What would Father say if he knew—Father, who had taught him to be brave?

But Father had never faced the problem of having his tongue removed.

He went down to the gate to wait for Father.

"I think, Father, if you don't mind, I think I'd like to be with you a great deal to-night."

"You shall, boy, we'll have a regular time together."

After dinner although Mother was in the same room, Trove did not sit near her. He was so afraid her love would make him give way. He kept gazing straight into Father's eyes and sometimes at Father's strong, capable hands.

Then Trove thought of the friendly dark upstairs. "I think I'll go to bed now, Muvver."

Clothed in his nightgown he spoke.

"I love you, Muvver, very, very much. You are so sweet, and I love you, love you."

She bent her fair head and kissed him, her first-born. His lips were burning with fever. He felt the tears on her cheek.

"Don't, Muvver, don't cry. You'll remember that I love you——"

What could be the matter with her boy? She held him closer, but he withdrew from her embrace and said: "I'm going to call down to Father now. Good-night, Father. I'm going to say 'God bless Father and Muvver and me.'"

Something found its quick way to the man's heart.

"I'm coming up, boy."

"Oh, oh, thank you, Father, thank you," sobbed the childish voice. "I need you, need you, more—than—I—do—Muvver."

Two steps at a time the man leaped up. Then he raised his son and carried him to the bed, while the Mother crept, trembling, downstairs.

"My boy, perhaps Father has never said that you must tell

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him when you are in trouble. That is what fathers are for—to help their little sons."

"If it is something that will hurt you, Father."

"No matter, you may tell me, and be sure that I shall help you."

"To-day, Father, I spoke out loud in school without asking first. I forgot, and I wanted to tell teacher about a pretty bird. I am to be punished."

"Is that it, son?"

"Part of it, Father. The rest—Father—is—my tongue is to be cut out!"

"Who—who is to do this?"

"My teacher, Father. I asked her when, and she said to-morrow. That's why I told Muvver that I loved her so many times to-night, because to-morrow night I shouldn't be able to."

For a moment the lump in the man's throat almost choked him. Then he spoke gently.

"Your tongue shall not be cut out. You hear, Trove? Your tongue shall not be cut out. And, little boy, sometimes men and women say things that they do not mean. It brings suffering and pain to others, as it did to you to-day, and that is why my son must always tell the truth."

Trove sank back trembling. Sob after sob shook his body. His father bent over him and stroked the curly locks, but he did not speak.

"Shall we go down to Mother and tell her again that we love her? She is lonely downstairs."

The man raised the child in his arms.

He opened the library door. Mother sat in the rocking-chair, but she was not sewing. There seemed to be traces of tears in her eyes as she looked up into Father's face when he laid Trove into her arms. The boy nestled close.

"Oh, Muvver, Muvver," he murmured, "rock me—rock me now—as you did before I went to school."

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CAMP-MEETING AT DOYLE'S.

SIR GILBERT PARKER.

BECAUSE Nolan Doyle's farm had a wonderful wood of pines and cedars, the camp-meeting was held there. It spoke well for the good feeling of the Far North that a Roman Catholic should allow a Protestant revival to be pitched within sound of his own doorway.

Little Paddy Kernaghan had more license than most men in the north, because he was at a disadvantage by one crooked leg. That he should have his say about the camp-meeting was inevitable.

At first he would not go near the tent where the revival was in full swing, but one night curiosity drew him closer, and there came to him the fuller significance of what was going on inside. And when a voice—a man's voice—suddenly rose, singing in a high clear note, Kernaghan started forward with an intentness which was painful. His face turned gray, and his eyes took on a wild look. Turning, he moved as swiftly as his lurching body would let him to the doors of the great tent, and entered. Presently he saw a man marching up and down the platform. He was a handsome man about thirty-three years of age. He swayed and postured and appealed while all the time the hymn pulsated through the tent, spasmodically sung by this young lion of the Lord, to whose power and persuasion the revival owed its already assured success.

The name of the young evangelist—the Rev. Ephraim Masterman—was on everybody's lips.

For an instant Paddy Kernaghan stood transfixed, then his eyes blazed.

"Liar! Rogue! Thief!" he shouted, shaking his bony hand

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toward Masterman. The next instant he was hustled out of the tent and thrown headlong far beyond the entrance.

As he fell his face struck the stump of a spruce, and when he slowly and silently picked himself up, the blood trickled down his cheek.

One of his own co-religionists had been in the tent and had followed to protect him. He made his way after the old man, and, in his buggy, soon caught up with him.

"Here, Paddy Kernaghan, get in. I'll take you home."

"I'll get in. I want to get to Nolan Doyle's house quick."

"What got hold o' ye, Kernaghan, that you give the preacher the swat like that? 'Liar,' 'rogue,' 'thief!' Shure, they let you off aisy. I'd be 'shamed to tell Norah Doyle what ye said an' done."

"She's been kind to me, has Nolan's wife. She'll stop this bleedin'."

Norah Doyle met the two men in the doorway.

"What have they done to ye?" she asked. "An old man like you—shure ye ought to be in bed an' not makin' a Donnybrook Fair of a camp-meetin'. There now, sit down, an' I'll bind ye up an' make ye look like a soldier home from the wars."

Having seen him safely bestowed in the big arm-chair, she went into another room for bandages and a basin of water. The old man lurched heavily across the floor toward a cupboard in the wall. He threw it open, and with an exclamation of fierce joy, drew a revolver from an inner drawer. Thrusting it into his pocket, he lurched back to the arm-chair.

Norah washed the blood away and bandaged his head.

"There, 'tis as well done as the young doctor himself could do. How did yer do it, Patsy?"

"They threw me out, an' I fell on a stump. I called him a liar, a rogue, an' a thief."

"The preacher, was it? How could ye know that of him?"

He pointed to the cradle.

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"She that was me wife used to sit an' rock the cradle like that, with her bit of sewin' in her hands. She was a good woman, an' she brought up the gossoon—it wasn't her own, it was an orphan left for the workhouse. She brought him up as kind an' wise as anny mortal woman could. The years went by like runnin' wather. Before we knew it, the gossoon was almost a man grown, an' she was proud o' him. My heart was big to him too. I give him as good a larnin' as the priests could help him to, an' had him made a Catholic. I worked an' worked to get enough money to buy the little farm, so that he could say, when he was a great man by an' by, that his father had a home of his own. At Linsmore it was. We took him there for to be searched by the clergy as to his larnin', an' then go to the work buildin' bridges or makin' steamships, maybe. There was a circus in the town, an' he wint to it. Never such a thing had he seen all the days of his life. There was a girl; she rode the spotted horses in the ring. He left her that had been as a mother to him, an' me, widout a word. There was no gettin' him back.

"'Forget him,' I said to Katy, 'an' we'll kape comfortin' each other;' but she loved him that well, an' she'd lie awake nights thinkin' of him, an' prayin' for him to come back!

"He came back in the night. He crept into the house an' stole the money I'd laid by to pay for the little farm—over two hundred an' twenty pounds it was.

"Katy saw him go with it, but she did not say a word. She waked me with her cryin'. Shure I wint mad. There's no guessin' what I called her for seein' him go an' not wakin' me. But what he had done was the thing that ate into her like the teeth of a wolf. She never left her bed ag'in—just wasted away like a flower. In a week she was gone.

"So I laid her away, an' that was the end of it. I never paid for the little farm at all. Onct I found the man what sent her to her grave. It was in England. He was ridin' in

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a circus parade; I broke through the crowd to get at him, but down I came under the wheels of a big circus wagon—an' I never walked straight ag'in.

"'Twas him that I called liar, an' rogue, an' thief. 'Tis him that calls himself by the name of Masterman, the Protestant preacher at the camp-meetin'. He'll be hurtin' others as he hurt me. D'ye think I'm goin' to let him do that? I'm goin' to take pay for the debt that's owin' me!"

"But, Patsy, wait till me husband comes. Ye'll be stayin' the night here, an' to-morrow the two of ye will dale with the business."

"To-morra is a long way off. I'm goin' to do what I'm goin' to do the night, an' not the morn."

"Then wait a minute an' I'll go with ye meself, Patsy."

As the door closed behind her, he took from his pocket the pistol. "'Tis loaded! Alone I'll do it!" An instant later the darkness swallowed him.

It was the best session of renunciation the camp-meeting had known. All at once Masterman sprang to the front of the platform, and stretched out his hands to the crowd. Almost at the same moment old Paddy Kernaghan crept beneath the sides of the tent. He cautiously stole to the edge of the platform. He gripped the pistol tighter and listened.

"My beloved brothers and sisters, sin comes to the mercy-seat to-night to be burned up in the fires of God. To those who have not found him, I want to tell my own story of sin and salvation.

"I was born in Ireland." Then followed the story of Masterman's orphan state, and his being adopted by Kernaghan and his wife.

"As fine a couple as ever lived and no child was ever brought up better. They did their best to make a man of me and failed."

In hurried words he told of the circus, and of the girl that lured him into evil paths.

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"I robbed the man and woman, who had been as good as father and mother to me. I took the money to the circus-woman and together we debauched life, till one day she fell from a trapeze and broke her neck and died.

"'Twas the very next day I heard the voice of a woman singing in a little Protestant chapel, and went in. That was the beginning, and in the end I found the way of peace.

"I went back to my old home. She was dead, the woman that had been so loving and true. And Father Kernaghan was gone too. Then I gave myself up to saving souls, and I am here with all my past sins to show you, but with my soul clean once more. When to-night, the man called out to me that I was a 'thief' and a 'rogue' and a 'liar,' I wanted to add, 'and a murderer, too!' But I live not as those without hope. My heart keeps calling: 'Where are you, Father Kernaghan? I would make restitution!'"

Suddenly, as if in answer to his call, Patty Kernaghan stood before him.

"I am here," he said with the revolver still in his right hand. Slowly the old man raised it till it pointed to the roof of the tent, and shot after shot rang out.

"I meant ivery wan o' them for you, but the truth ye've told, an' the word ye've passed on her that's gone has saved ye. The wrong ye done she forgive ye, an' I'm not sayin' I won't wipe it out—whin I have time to think it over."

The preacher sprang from the platform. "The wrong I did you is the sorrow of every day. My life is not enough to pay the debt."

"'Tis not aisy to forgive, but 'twould be her wish, if she was here. Are ye comin' home wid me—are ye comin' home?"

The young man put his arm round the other's shoulder. "I am going home with you."

The camp-meeting at Doyle's had been a success!

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SYNARISS, "QUEEN OF BABYLON."

INCIDENT IN BABYLON MARRIAGE-MARKET.

HARRIETT KENDALL.

O'ER Babylonia shone the reddened glow
Of noon's refulgent splendor. Near and far
The drowsy heaviness of sultry heat
Lay like a hush upon the thirsty plains.

'Twas Babylonia's marriage-market-day,
The market-place was thronged with rich and poor,
Eager to buy, and eager to be sold.
Beauty that dreamed of some new happiness
From gilded wealth put on its fairest front,
While even ugliness assumed a leer
Of hideous coquetry, for 'twas disgrace
To be unpurchased; and the accustomed wont
Of sellers was to dowry those less fair
From the high tributes paid for lovely maids.

But there was one of chaste and perfect mould
Whom all the villagers had grown to call
"The Queen of Babylon." Imperial grace
Was in her mien; a passionate eloquence
Kindled her dusky eyes. From year to year,
In the rich promise of her sunny youth,
Her father had withheld her jealously,
With greedy hope of some rich purchaser;
And every year expectance had been rife,
For through the neighboring towns and villages
The fame of her exceeding loveliness
Had spread, and many a youth stored gold and gems
For future claim, and said, "She shall be mine!"

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But Synariss with queenly scorn laughed at
Those feverish words that reached her ear betimes.
None knew her eyes were dark with a great love,
Which ripened in her heart like summer fruit,
Untold—yet *felt* by one whose passionate gaze
Had spoken all the passionate agony
Of hopeless hope. For what avails poor love
To weigh the scale 'gainst glittering gold and gems?
And when 'twas whispered far through Babylon
That beauteous Synariss would soon be sold,
With eager eyes gloating upon her face,
And counting up each smile as 'twere a thing
For merchandise, thus did her father speak:—

"The time is coming, nay! has come, when thou
Must realize the price of which I've dreamed,
When thy ripe charms shall startle every eye
To long for thee, till the rich glow of all
Thy queenly beauty shall inflame, make mad
With throbs of fiercest passion every soul!
This time I've waited for—nay! loathe me not
With those dark eyes—thou can'st not turn me back
From my fixed purpose now. Weep not! No tears
Of thine can hinder me! I hated her
Who bore thee, for her soul was false to me,
As false as hell! Her love was pledged to one
Who was *my foe!* I killed her for the hate
I bore him who had cursed her life and mine!
I killed her—and I swore to be avenged!

"Hast thou not seen how I have hated thee
Through all the years I've cherished thy fair form
And treasured up thy queenly loveliness,
That I might one day list with rapture to thy cry
Of mortal anguish? Do not kneel to me!

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In the great waste of life 'twere almost mirth
To see a misery as great as mine.
I joy to know thy spotless soul is built
Of such high stature; joy to feel that thy
Few years of youth shall now grow old in pain.
Silence! the scornful curve of thy proud lips
Is vain! I have but lived for this, to wring
From thy pure soul the price of my wronged youth
And my lost manhood. Go! all Babylon
Will bring its gold and baubles to thy feet.
Laugh loud, ye Furies, till the price be mine!
Hate needs a heavy purse to pay its debt!"

Forth to the market-place was Synariss led,
With veiled face, and with a brand of shame
Upon her soul. The bright rich glow of youth
Had faded from her brow. Fierce anger burned
In every vein. The buzz and hum around
Smote on her heart with a great sense of wrong.
The market rang with joy; the purchasers
Shouted aloud, "To-day comes Synariss!
The Queen of Babylon! Fair Synariss!"
And the walls echoed back, "Fair Synariss!"

The bell rings suddenly; the crier calls
Each lovely maid—but his loud voice is drowned
By the excited crowd, "Bring Synariss!
Queen Synariss!" And he who loves her well—
Leone, who can bring no gold or gems,
Waits with hushed voice and breathless eagerness
For her approach. "She comes! Ah, yes! She comes!"
Stately as Eastern queen; of perfect mien,
In form a Juno! Burning eyes that seem
To scorch the snowy veil that covers her.
The cry goes up, "Unveil, fair Synariss!"

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But she ne'er moves. The clamorous crowd pour forth
Their wild appeals. Yet all unheeding still
She stands unmoved before them like a Fate.

An agony of hope that makes him dumb
Beams in Leone's face. See! near the form
Of Synariss, in dark, tempestuous wrath,
Her father bends and hisses in her ear,
"Unveil! or I will kill thee where thou stand'st!"
An instant more, and all the glittering gems
Of Babylon are raining at her feet.
The scales are heavy with the bullion
From eager hands. An instant more and gems
Priceless are hers; the richest purchaser
Has seized her in his arms, crying with joy,
"Fair Synariss! the Queen of Babylon
Is mine! all mine!" Quick as a flash she flings
Her veil aside. Quick from her raven hair
She wrests a glittering poniard. "Take this!
Thou craven cur!" she cried; "Take this, and know
Thy gems shall never buy *one* woman's soul."

"God!" 'tis her father's voice. "Heaven, can it be?
My foe! my foe! avenged! avenged at last!
O Synariss, who hast avenged my wrong,
Forgive me! see! I kneel now at thy feet,
Thou dost not speak! Then weep, that thy hot tears
May purge my very soul. Before high heaven
I vow to dedicate my life to thee.
Before these men of Babylon, I swear
No hand shall touch the hand of Synariss
If her own heart be mute. Leone! speak
To her, she stretches out her hand to *thee*,
She calls to *thee*, Leone! speak to her!"

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OLD WOMAN IN SHOE SERMON.

"There was an old woman, who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she hardly knew what to do;
So she gave them some broth, without any bread,
Then thrashed them all soundly, and sent them to bed."

HOW frequently, dear friends, is the commonplace followed by the marvelous. We have an instance of it in our text. Had I simply said, "There was an old woman," you would have smiled and said within yourselves, "Of course, there was an old woman; there is nothing new under the sun, and as there are old women at the present time, it follows that there was an old woman in bygone days." But I did not stop. I proceeded and, after saying, "There was an old woman," I read, "Who lived in a shoe."

Now, my dear friends, it is very easy for you to find an old woman, but to find one who has lived or still lives in a shoe, is no easy matter. Were we told *how* this old woman lived in a shoe some of you might be foolish enough to make a similar experiment.

To prevent such foolishness was evidently the wish of the author of our text. He says,

"There was an old woman, who lived in a shoe."

Does not say how she came to live in a shoe, or whether she owned or rented it. We are not told that she was troubled either by landlord or tax-gatherer.

But still trouble was no stranger to her, for

"She had so many children."

So many, dear friends, that they formed a multitude which no man *has* numbered. We are not even told whether some were boys and some girls, whether some of them were lisping infants, and others children of a riper growth. Whatever may have been their sex or their age, there were so many of them that the old woman

"Hardly knew what to do."

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She may have endured many anxious days and sleepless nights before it was revealed unto her what was best for her to do. But at last the revelation came, and she was no longer a prey to distracting thoughts. The time for action arrived,

"So she gave them some broth."

The poet, not choosing to provoke a controversy by hazarding a conjecture as to the exact nature of this broth, discreetly says,

"She gave them *some* broth."

Sorry at not being able to give more definite information as to what was *in* the broth, he seeks to atone for the omission by telling us what was *not in* it. So, after informing us that "she gave them some broth," he says it was

"Without any bread."

Whether at any other time she gave them bread without broth is an open question; but after the explicit statement made in our text it would be foolish to dispute the fact that

"She gave them some broth,
Without any bread."

Poor woman! how keenly she sympathized with the dear children; how anxious she was to give them an equivalent for the missing bread. Ay, desirous of giving them something more than an equivalent: for when

"She thrashed them all soundly,"

it involved an immense amount of labor from her, though it was only necessary that the children should stand still and patiently receive the gift. Had they received the bread it would have been necessary for it to have passed through the process of mastication, thus forcing them to work; but when

"She thrashed them all soundly"

they had nothing whatever to do but to stand still.

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Please to observe, my dear friends, that this gift of the old woman's was a free-will offering. The children did not ask for it: therefore, as an act of spontaneous generosity, it should raise her very much in our estimation. Then, again, notice that she gave them no reason to be jealous of each other. Not only did she thrash them *all*, but "she thrashed them all *soundly*;" so you see, dear brethren, it was impossible for these children to quarrel among themselves, and say, "Ah! she likes me more than she does you; my thrashing was ever so much better than yours."

Let us, now, beloved friends, hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The last four words of our text are

"*Sent* them to bed."

The children may not have had a great distance to go; but still, my brethren, you see that even in this shoe they had to travel a little way before they reached their bed.

The curious among you would, no doubt, like me to give you a description of this remarkable bed. This I am not able to do. Many discoveries have been made; many more have yet to be made: so, *perhaps*, at some future time, when buried cities, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, are brought to light, among the ruins this phenomenal shoe will be found. Then, what is a mystery to us will be revealed to our descendants.

At present we can only say she

"*Sent* them to bed."

Did not *put* them to bed, but *sent* them; thus instilling into their minds at an early period the principles of self-help. Many instances of self-help are related; and we are told how thousands who practised it became famous in their day and generation. Among the illustrious band, who knows but what there may have been some of this old woman's children? If so, how fervently must they have blessed her for having

"*Sent* them to bed."

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FISHIN' JIMMY.

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

ONE thing troubled Fishin' Jimmy. He wanted to be a "fisher of men." That was what the Great Teacher had promised he would make the fishermen who left their boats to follow him. In vain we tried to show him that, by his efforts to do good and make others better and happier, he was fulfilling the Lord's directions. "I allers try to think," he said, "that 'twas me in that boat when he come along. I make b'l'eve that it was out on Streeter's Pond, an' I was fixin' my lan'in' net, when I see him on the shore. I think mebbe I'm that James—that's my given name, ye know, an' I hear him callin' 'James, James.' I can hear him jest's plain sometimes, when the wind's blowin' in the trees an' I jest ache to up an' foller him. But, says he, 'I'll make ye a fisher o' men,' an' he ain't done it. I'm waitin'; mebbe he'll larn me some day."

He was fond of all living creatures. But his love for his dog Dash became a passion, for Dash was an angler. All day he would sit in the boat beside Jimmy, watching with eager eye and trembling body the line as it was cast. "I never knowed afore dogs could be Christians," said Jimmy. "But I'd give a stiffikit o' membership in any orthodoxest church goin' to Dash."

One afternoon in July there came over Franconia Notch one of those sudden tempests which sometimes visit that mountain country. Down poured the rain—hail fell in large frozen bullets, which rattled against the windows of the Profile House with sharp cracks like the sound of musketry. And in the midst of the wild storm it was remembered that two boys had gone up Mount Lafayette alone. It was found that Dash had followed them; and just as some one was to be sent in search of them, Fishin' Jimmy started up the mountain saying "if he couldn't be a fisher o' men, mebbe he knowed

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nuff to ketch boys." Hours passed. Suddenly the lost boys themselves appeared, wet, but no worse for their adventure, though full of distress at having lost the dog. He had rushed off into the woods after a rabbit and had never returned. Nor had they seen Fishin' Jimmy.

As night approached and the old man did not return, guides familiar with all the mountain paths went to seek for him. It was late when they found him at the foot of a mass of rock, Dash by his side. Jimmy had missed the boys; and, while stumbling along in search of them, he had heard far below a sound of distress. Looking down over a steep, rocky ledge, he had seen old Dash holding up one paw helplessly and whimpering for aid. Was not Dash a fisherman? And fishermen, in Fishin' Jimmy's category, were always true and trusty. So the old man, without a second's hesitation, started down the steep, smooth decline to the rescue of his friend. In that terrible descent he fell.

"Yes, sir, that's so," he murmured, as the guides tried to lift him, "'twas on'y a dog, 'twan't even a boy, as ye say, an' ye ast me to be a fisher o' men. But I hain't had no chance for that, somehow; mebbe I wa'n't fit for it. I'm on'y jest a poor old fisherman, Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, sir. Ye useter call me James—no one else ever done it. On'y a dog? But he wa'n't jest a common dog, sir; he was a fishin' dog. I never seed a man love fishin' mor'n Dash. See 'em break, Dashy! Lots on 'em to-day, ain't they? Keep still, there's a good dog, while I put on a diffunt fly. Don't ye see they're jumpin' at them gnats? Ain't the water jest 'live with 'em? Ain't it shinin' an' clear an'—yes, I'm comin'—I'm glad, dreffle glad to come. I mos' knowed ye was on'y a-tryin' me when ye said that 'bout how I hadn't been a fisher o' men, nor even boys, on'y a dog. 'Twas a—fishin' dog—ye know—an' ye was allers dreffle good to fishermen—dreffle good to—everybody; died—for 'em, didn't ye?—Please wait—on—the bank there, a minnit; I'm comin'—'crost. Water's pretty—cold this—spring

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—an' the stream's risin'—but—I—can—do it;—don't ye mind —'bout me, sir. I'll get acrost. Here I be, sir! It's Fishin' Jimmy, ye know, from Francony way. I heern ye callin' 'James, James'—an' I—straightway—f'sook—my nets—an'—follered——"

SLAIN BY DRINK.

REV. ALFRED YOUNG.

I STOOD beside the death-bed of a man
Whom drink had slain;
And saw a soul depart as I'd ne'er wish
To see again.
In throes of agony, a human blight,
In sense, a clod,
Struggled with death, a sick'ning, awful sight:
Then went to God.
It pained my heart to see the stark bare room,
And rotten floor
Gaping with greasy rat-holes, dark and foul,
And hingeless door;
The fireless hearth with dreary cinders strewn,
Blank, cold and dead;
The heap of filthy straw and stinking rags
That made the bed;
Old bottles, battered tins and broken ware
The cupboard had;
Empty of food, it bore a thin, starved look,
Hungry and sad;
The crazy windows rattling with the wind,
And shattered wall:

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Within, without, all things with dirt begrimed—
Dirt over all.
But when I saw the man unhinged of sense,
A shattered wreck;
His darkened, sin-grimed soul departing hence;
I could not check
The rising tear that glimmered in my eye,
Nor hush the thought,
That here was one who better to this world
Had ne'er been brought.
His heated brain with wild delirium raved;
His blood-shot eyes
Glared like a hunted beast's, while from his mouth
Came savage cries.

"Away!" he shrieked, with frantic look, "away!
Ye fiends from hell!
Let go my throat. Begone! Don't strangle me,—
Hark! there's a bell!
It rings! rings! rings for Mass. I never go;
Leave me to sleep!
To sleep! I cannot sleep in flames like these
That o'er me creep.
I'm all on fire. It scorches me to death.
Bring water here!
Bring floods, and drown me in their cooling depths!
Yon devils jeer
And gibe upon me with a mocking laugh
And gnashing teeth;
Take off this net. These cords around my throat
Won't let me breathe.
No! no! have mercy! Do not chain me yet.
I crave an hour,
A minute to be free! What have I done,
That worms devour

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My flesh and heart and brain? These scalding showers
Burn me to death.
These parching winds, these endless desert sands
Dry up my breath.
One drop of water for my burning tongue!
With thirst I sink.
Sweet water! heavenly streams! flow not so fast,
I cannot drink.

"What spirit damned from out the shades of hell
Is lurking here?
Ha! ha! I know you well. 'Tis you who sold
Me gin and beer.
Dost want my soul? Was't not enough to take
My very life?
And help me starve the children—break the heart
Of my poor wife?
You are the man who on my ruin fed;
As vampire bat
That gluts itself on blood, so you on me
Grew rich and fat.
Help! help! I cannot breathe this stifling air,
These hellish fumes;
This biting adder knaws my life away
And soul consumes!"

The midnight moon was shining in the sky,
Cold, clear, and pale;
The winds, without, like ghosts in pain, moaned forth
A long, weird wail.
A passing cloud a heavy shadow cast
Upon the bed.
He struggled, grasped the air, then upright stood;
And fell back, dead!

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AEOLF, THE MARTYR.

A. W. MARCHMONT.

AEOLF—a Christian! All Rome smiled at the idea, and the smile deepened into laughter when it was said that he was to die for the faith. Not that the man feared death. He had faced it smiling, a hundred times, in the arena.

But a Christian—and to be thrown to the beasts!

Yet it was true—and it was the work of the Christian witch, Dorcas.

On the very eve of the day he was to die every temptation that a cunning prefect's subtlety could devise had been tried for his weakening. He was alone in his dungeon, loaded with chains, when soldiers came and struck them off, leading him to a room where all was light, brilliance and luxury, and his old companions reveled and feasted. Brave comrades thronged around him, pressing him to give up his mad craze and join again in the glorious life ever open to the strong men of Rome. Of all he was as heedless as of the dead. Once only was he moved. They brought in Dorcas; and Vulpia, the most beautiful, the most vicious, and the most jealous of all the women present, sneered blasphemously at them both.

Then Aeolf saw Dorcas shrink and cower as if struck.

He leaped to his feet; and the flowers were scattered and trodden by the girls, who fled laughing but frightened from the blaze of rage in his face,—all but Vulpia, who stood sneering and insolent, as she glanced from one to the other. He seized her by the arm.

"Peace, girl!—a pinch of my finger on your throat will stop your tongue forever."

She screamed with pain and wrath, for she had loved him in her way.

"Coward!" she cried; then to the men around she called: "Is every one of you cowed by a woman-beater?"

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Two of the brawniest came running forward.

"Hands off, Aeolf."

The Briton turned on them and smote one with clenched fist. The man went down and lay senseless as a log. The scene of fight aroused the animal in Aeolf, and he turned to the second.

"Aeolf!" A thin, white hand was laid on his arm, and the Christian girl's eyes sought his face.

At the touch and the look he changed, and stood like a stricken child.

The sight of this maddened Vulpia; and, going swiftly to Dorcas, she struck the girl in the face.

"Rah, thou Christian cat, that makest coward thy burly lover!"

Aeolf, mad at the sight of the blow, made as if to thrust the angry woman aside.

"It is but till to-morrow, Aeolf," said the girl. "There is no pain in this now that I know thou art steadfast."

"Steadfast," began Vulpia again, with a loud, mocking laugh; but the others closed round her then, and for their old comrade's sake forced her to be silent; and the two were left apart together and the revels were hushed until Aeolf and Dorcas had been taken back to their dungeons.

They did not meet again till the next day, when the victims of the day's carnival of slaughter were huddled together awaiting the signal for the butchery in the arena to begin.

A painful change had been wrought in Dorcas. Fear of the wild beasts had broken her. She seemed to feel their hot breath as they crouched in readiness for their spring. Memory brought back the horrors she had been forced to witness when others of the faith had died; and out of the awful blackness came echoes of the gasps and screams of pain and terror which the moment of attack had wrung from even the staunchest.

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Aeolf knelt apart from the others in the ante-chamber of slaughter; she faltered out this confession to him.

"Pray for me, Aeolf, pray for me to have strength."

"Death is but a puny thing, Dorcas, after all."

"It is not death I fear, but the dying, Aeolf. The beasts, the beasts! God help me to be strong. Christ help me. Pray for me, Aeolf. Pray for me."

"I can save you from the beasts, Dorcas."

"You!"

"I can not save you from death, dear."

"It is not death I fear, but the beasts."

"I can save you from them."

"By what means?" He thought a moment and—lied.

"I won the right to save one victim each year, when I overthrew the big Greek, Clytos, in the games a year ago."

It did not occur to her to doubt the truth of this, and he rose and crossed to one of the guards and spoke earnestly. When he returned his manner showed no hesitancy.

"It is well, Dorcas—you must go with the rest into the arena, but then all will be well."

When the signal came that the butchery was to commence, he drew her to his side.

"We two are to go last."

As they passed between the lines of soldiers along the dim corridor, at the end of which, through the narrow gate, she could see a part of the huge sea of eager, expectant faces, and hear the hisses and howls of execration which greeted the appearance of the first victim, she trembled and closed her eyes. But Aeolf took her hand.

"Your death will be easy, love," he whispered; and, at the assurance, she lifted her lids and smiled, and then went out.

The gate they passed through was of iron bars, and, standing next to it, last in the line of guards, was the soldier to whom Aeolf had spoken.

As he neared the gate Aeolf lingered a pace or two, letting

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Dorcas get first into the arena. Then with a swift, sudden movement he sprang upon the soldier, wrenched the short sword from him, and, springing through the door, closed it with almost superhuman strength.

A cry of surprise spread like fire all round the vast concourse of people, and the shouts deepened into a roar of wonder and expectation when it was seen that the gladiator, whom all Rome had come to see die, had armed himself and held the gate against the soldiers. Then the guards at the other side, mistaking the signals, opened the dens and let the beasts into the arena.

Aeolf left the gate.

"Come, now, if you dare!" he cried with a bitter smile.

He hurried to Dorcas. Every man and woman of the pent thousands waited in eagerness to see what he would do.

Did he mean to fight the beasts? Were they to have a combat between the strongest gladiator in all Rome and those ravening brutes?

His one thought was for Dorcas.

"You are not to look at the beasts, dear. I am to guard you from them; but your hour has come, child, though how you die you will not see. It will be painless. Quick, kiss me once."

She put up her face, and for an instant his towering head bent over her from behind, and his lips rested on hers, while all the world and all eternity were alike.

"Now pray your last prayer. It must be short. I am between you and the beasts, love."

She sank on her knees, and, closing her eyes, lifted her hands in prayer. Aeolf glanced round and saw the beasts were close upon them.

Then he turned again, and, the next instant, drove the sword right through her heart, with so true an aim that she rolled forward without a moan, dead.

At the sight of this a terrific shout went up from the multitude, while the scent of the blood drove the beasts to a frenzy.

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Then, that not a man should call him craven, he tossed the soldier's sword far from him and stood firm with folded arms, till, with a loud roar, a huge lion sprang upon him, giving the signal for the general carnage, and pulled him down.

TAMED BY A CHILD.

["MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND, MR. RAEGAN."]

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE police had seen Rags Raegan strike McGonegal and had seen McGonegal fall. Rags was running through the hall of an unknown tenement, and what looked like a safe passageway might throw him into the arms of the officers. He did not want to fight. He wanted to get away. He turned the knob of a door; it opened. The room was dark. He saw a pile of bedding on the floor, and he crawled under it; he lay motionless listening to the beating of his heart and to the voices on the stairs.

"Maybe he's in there. I was in this place not more than twelve hours ago. I come in to take a couple out for fighting. They got thirty days on the Island."

The officers glanced in; but, seeing no one, clattered down the stairs. Raegan raised his head, and let his breath escape with a great gasp. He was afraid to rise, so gathered the bedding over his head again.

There was a minute of absolute silence, and then his blood froze to ice; he heard the sound of something crawling toward him across the floor. The instinct of self-defence moved him to leap to his feet; his back against the wall, with his arms thrown out in front of him wildly, the willingness in them to do murder.

The room was dark, but the windows let in a little stream of light; he saw moving toward him on its hands and knees a

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little baby who smiled and nodded at him with a pleased look of recognition and kindly welcome.

The reaction was so great that Raegan laughed long and weakly. The baby seemed well pleased with his laughter, and stopped to smile and coo with him as though the joke was a very good one which they shared in common. Then it struggled to its feet and came pattering toward him on a run, with both bare arms held out, and with a look of such confidence and welcome that Raegan stretched out his arms and closed the baby's fingers fearfully and gently in his own.

He had never seen so beautiful a child. There was dirt enough on its hands and face, and its torn dress was soiled with streaks of coal and ashes, but the face was like no other face that Rags had ever seen. It looked at him as though it trusted him, and just as though they had known each other at some time long before.

"Did you know that you'se scared me so that I was going to kill you?" whispered Rags. But the baby only smiled and stroked Rags's cheek with its fingers. There was something so wonderfully soft and sweet in this that Rags drew the baby nearer; it threw its arms around his neck, brought its face up close to his chin and hugged him tightly. He felt wonderfully happy.

He forgot the lateness of the night. He forgot the heat. He almost forgot that he lay in hiding; he dared not make a light, but the glare from an electric lamp in the street fell across the baby's face, as it lay dozing and awakening, to smile up at him in the bend of his arm. He had forgotten to feel hungry, and the knowledge that he was acutely so, first came to him with the thought that the baby must be in greatest need of food herself. He laid his burden down upon the bedding, and tiptoed across the room after something she could eat. There was a half of a ham-bone, and a half loaf of hard bread in a cupboard, and on the table he found a bottle quite filled with whiskey.

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He dipped a wash-rag in water from the spigot and bathed the baby's face and wrists. She woke and sipped water eagerly, and then looked up at him, as if to ask for something more. Rags soaked crusty bread in water, and put it to baby's lips; but, after nibbling at it eagerly, she shook her head and looked up at him again with reproachful pleading.

"Deary girl," he cried, "I'd give you anything you could think of if I had it. But I can't get it, see? It ain't that I don't want to—good Lord, little 'un, you don't think that, do you?"

The baby smiled and touched his face as if to comfort him. Then she crawled up onto his lap and dropped asleep, while Rags sat motionless and fanned her with a folded newspaper, stopping every now and then to pass the damp cloth over her warm face and arms.

It grew silent and much cooler as the night ran out, but Rags still sat immovable. The arm that held the child grew stiff and numb with the light burden, but he at last fell into an uneasy slumber.

The sun rose hissing. Its glare awakened Rags into a startled belief that the place was on fire, and he stared wildly until the child in his arms brought him back to the knowledge of where he was. But the baby was breathing in hard, long, irregular gasps. Rags carried her where the sun had not yet penetrated, and laid her down gently; then he let the water run until it was fairly cool, and bathed her face and hands and feet, and lifted a cup of the water to her lips. She woke and smiled again, but very faintly.

Milk was the only thing he was quite sure babies cared for, but in want of this he made a mess of bits of the dry ham and crumbs of bread, moistened with the raw whiskey, and put it to her lips. She tasted this, pushed his hand away, and then looked up and gave a feeble cry.

"Great Lord," gasped Rags, "but ain't she got grit." Then it occurred to him that he might risk a sally into the street.

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He had money with him, and the milk-carts must be passing every minute. He stood over baby a moment before he left the room, and flushed like a girl as he stooped and kissed one of the bare arms. "I'm going out to get you some breakfast," he said; "I won't be gone long."

He stopped at top of the first flight of stairs and sat down to wait. He could see part of the street and when he heard the rattle of a cart he ran on down; then, with an oath, turned and broke upstairs again. He had seen detectives on the opposite side of the street. He dropped on his knees when he reached the room where the baby lay, and peered cautiously out of the window at the detectives.

"I guess I can't get you that milk I was looking for," he said, jocularly. "The sun outside isn't good for me health." The baby settled in his arms and slept again, which sobered Rags, for his own ravenous appetite warned him how the child suffered. When he again offered her the mixture he had prepared for her, she took it eagerly. Then he ate some of the bread and ham himself and swallowed half the whiskey, and stretched out beside the child and fanned her while she slept.

The heat of the day and the sleeplessness of the night before, the fumes of the whiskey on his empty stomach, threw him into a dull stupor. When he awoke it was past six o'clock. He sprang up.

"I'm a drunken fool, that's what I am. I've let her lie here all day in the heat with no one to watch her. It's been near two days that child's gone without eating, an' here I've let her suffer to save myself a trip to the Island." He slipped off his shoes and picked his way cautiously down the stairs.

A newsboy passed, calling.

"Extry! Extry! Full account of the murder of Pike McGonegal by Ragsey Raegen."

The lights in the street seemed to flash up suddenly and grow dim again, leaving Rags blind and dizzy.

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"Murdered, no, no!" he muttered. "It's a lie. He drove me to it. He pulled his gun on me. I done it in self-defence. There's a rope around me neck, an' the chances are all against me. I don't dare go back upstairs. Killing's too good for the likes of Pike McGonegal, but I'm not fighting babies. An', maybe, if I went back, maybe I wouldn't have the nerve to leave her; I can't do it."

Minutes passed into half hours, and still he stood there with the noise of the streets coming up to him speaking of escape and of a long life of ill-regulated pleasures, and up above him the baby lay in the darkness and reached out her hands to him in her sleep.

* * * * * *

The surly old sergeant of the station-house was dozing when a young man with a white, haggard face came in with a baby in his arms.

"I want to see the woman thet looks after the station-house —quick," he said.

The sergeant did not like the peremptory tone of the young man nor his general appearance, so he said that the charwoman was upstairs lying down, and what did the young man want with her?

"This child," said the visitor, "she's sick. The heat's come over her, an' she ain't had anything to eat for two days. Ring the bell for the matron, will yer, an' send one of your men around for the house surgeon."

"Did you take this for a dispensary, young man, or a foundling hospital?"

Rags made a savage spring at the barrier in front of the high desk. "Damn you," he panted, "ring that bell, do you hear me, or I'll pull you off that seat an' twist your heart out."

The baby cried and Rags fell back, patting it and muttering between his closed teeth. The sergeant sounded the gong for the janitress and the reserve squad.

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"This man," growled the sergeant, "is either drunk, or crazy, or a bit of both."

The charwoman came downstairs majestically, but when she saw the child she ran and caught it in her arms. "You poor little thing," and, "oh, how beautiful!" Then she whirled about on the men of the reserve squad: "You, Connors," she said, "run up to my room and get the milk out of my ice-chest; and, Moore, put on your coat and go around and tell the surgeon I want to see him. And one of you crack some ice up fine in a towel. Take it out of the cooler. Quick, now."

Raegan came up to her fearfully. "Is she very sick?" he begged; "she ain't going to die, is she?"

"Of course not," said the woman, "but she's down with the heat, and she hasn't been properly cared for. Are you her father?" But Rags did not speak, for he had reached out swiftly, and taken the child out of her arms, and held it hard against his breast. His head was bending over hers, and he did not see the detectives, as they came in, looking hot, and tired, and anxious. They stopped with a start, and one of them gave a whistle.

"Well," he exclaimed, "so Raegan, you're here, after all. Well, you did give us a chase. Who took you?"

"Who took me?" Rags began, defiantly, and then he raised the baby until her cheek touched his own.

"Nobody took me. I gave myself up."

* * * * * *

One morning, three months later, when Raegan had stopped his ice-cart in front of a customer's door, and was asked whether he regretted what he had done, he replied:

"Well, sir, seeing that I've shook the gang, an' that the Society's decided her folks ain't fit to take care of her, we can't help thinking we are better off, see? But, as for my ever regretting it, why, even when things was at the worst, when the case was going dead against me, an' before that

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cop swore to McGonegal's drawing the pistol, an' when I used to sit in the Tombs expecting I'd have to hang for it, well, even then, they used to bring her to see me every day, an' when they'd lift her up an' she'd reach out her hands an' kiss me through the bars, why—they could have took me out an' hung me, for all I'd have cared."

LION AND PRINCE.

VICTOR HUGO.

A LION in his jaws caught up a child,
Not harming it, and to the woodland wild,
With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey
Just as one might cull a flower in May.
The victim was a rosy boy, son of a king;
Thrust in a cave, he lived, half dead with daily frightenings;
A ten-year lad, with bright eyes shining wide;
And save this son, his majesty beside
Had but one girl two years of age. The whole land
In dread of beast and king did stand.

At last there came a knight
That road, who halted, asking, "Why this fright?"
They told him. Straight for the den he spurred alone,
Where that gaunt lion on the rock lay prone.
In the champion went; in the den the beast he spies,
With shaggy golden fell crowned to the eyes.
The knight approached,—the lion lifted up his head
In slow wise, with smile grim to see and dread;
Then they joined fight; the lion stronger was,
And tore the knight's breast under its cuirass;
And, striking blow on blow with ponderous paw,
Forced plate and rivet off, until you saw

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The bright blood stream from out the iron sheath.
Piece by piece, he stripped helm, armlet, greaves. 'Neath
His shield was blood and bones: the lion feasted, then went
Slowly back to his rocky couch and slept content.

Next came a hermit. Hearing some one grope,
And seeing the woolen coat bound with a rope,
A black, peaked cowl, and inside that a man,
The lion finished yawning and to growl began:
"What wouldst thou?" "The prince," replied the priest. "Get forth!
Thou holy rogue!" bellowed the beast in wrath.
The hermit disappeared. Thereat left free,
Full of a lion's vast serenity,
He slept again, letting the still night pass.
The moon rose, starting specters on the grass.
Suddenly loud cries and clamors, horn and shout,
Causing the solemn wood to reel with rout;
The thicket flashed with many a lurid spark
Of torches borne 'mid wild cries through the dark.
It seemed a whole battalion sent by that sad king,
With force of arms his little prince to bring,
Together with the lion's bleeding hide,
Who had his suffering majesty defied.

The pioneers with axes cleared the way;
The spearmen followed in a close array;
The archers held their arrows on the string;
Silence was bid lest any chattering
Should still the lion's footsteps. Soon, deep in the gloom,
They spy the cave, blank and silent as the tomb.
Dreading full sore to find the tender prey they sought,
The frightened heroes held high the lights they brought.
"There! that is it! the very mouth of the den."
The trees around warning muttered: "Beware, valiant men!"

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All on a sudden they saw the lion's face.
Frightful! Further stirred any man not one pace.
The archers drew an arrow, bolt and dart,
Made target of the beast. He, on his part,
As calm as Pelion in the deluging rain or clattering hail,
Bristled majestic and only wagged to and fro his great tail.
No heed took he, glaring steadfastly. The hounds slunk behind
the spears;
Sudden the lion shook fifty missiles from his hide, then rears
His awful face, and, reverberant over wood and marsh,
Roared a vast roar, hoarse, vengeful, harsh,
A rolling, raging peal of wrath, which spread
From the quaking earth to the echoing vault o'erhead.

Thus ended all—sheer horror cleared the coast;
As fogs are driven by wind, that valorous host
Melted, dispersed to all the quarters four,
Dire panic-stricken by that monstrous roar.
The lion liked not to be roused up thus with horn and hound,
To find an ambush sprung, to be targeted, hemmed round;
So, angered, he paced toward the hill and threw in speech,
This message far enough the town to reach:

"King! I've wrought no harm to him, your son,
But now I give you notice; when night's done,
I will make entry at your city gate,
Bringing the prince alive; and those that wait
To see him in my jaws—your lackey crew—
Shall see me eat him, in your palace, too."

Next morning this is what was viewed in town:
Dawn coming, people going, some adown
Praying, some crying; pallid cheeks, swift feet,
And a huge lion stalking through the street.
Townsmen in cellars hid—soldiers left their posts—gates
stood wide;

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'Twas felt the lion had a majesty so godlike on his side,
It seemed an act scarce short of impiety
To cross his path as the fierce beast went by.
So to the palace and its gilded dome,
With stately steps, unchallenged, did he roam;
While all the people held aloof in dread,
Seeing the scarlet jaws of that great head
Hold up the princely boy—aswoon.

Is it true,
Princes are flesh and blood? ah, yes! and you
Had wept with sacred pity seeing him
Swing in the lion's mouth, body and limb;
The savage heart blazing through the lion's burning eyes,
While not one bow is stretched, no arrow flies.
They dreaded, peradventure, lest some shaft,
Shot with a trembling hand and faltering craft,
Might miss the beast and pierce the prince, the old king's heir,
The monster's prey, held fast in jaws so grim and drear.
So this lion, scorning town and townsfolk, moves on till at last
He reaches the king's house; the door ajar flaps with every blast,
He enters it; finds no man; for, though he raged and wept,
His majesty, like all his people, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live. The lion traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors;
Glanced at the throne deserted, walked from hall
To hall—green, yellow, crimson, empty all;
Rich couches void and seats unoccupied.
And, as he walked, he looked from side to side
To find for his repast some nook.—

Ah! What sight astounds
That grisly lounger? In the palace grounds
An alcove on a garden looks, and there,
A tiny thing, forgot in the general fear,

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Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice, was that moment waking.
A lovely little maid, most dear and taking,
The prince's sister all alone. She sat up singing, a voice softer
Than silver lute-string, a mouth all rosebud, blossoming in laughter;
A baby angel hard at play, a dream of Bethlehem; eyes, too, so blue,
That sea and sky might own their sapphire hue!
Neck bare, arms bare, she looked as fresh as April's heaven:
A flower, you had said, to earth divinely given,
To show on earth how God's own lilies grow.
Such was this beauteous baby-maid, and so
The beast caught sight of her, and then
Entered; the joists creaked as he stalked straight in!

Above the playthings, by the little bed,
The lion thrust his shaggy, massive head,
Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
More dreadful with that princely prey so borne;
Which she, quick spying, "Brother! brother!" cried,
"Oh! my brother!" and, unterrified,
Looking a living rose that made the place
Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace;
She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood.
Well! Who knows what thoughts these small heads hold?
She rose up in her cot, full height and bold,
And shook her pink fist angrily at him.
Whereon, close to the little bed's white rim,
All dainty silk and lace, this huge brute
Set down her brother gently at her foot,
Just as a mother might—then turned about,
And, in stolid majesty, stalked grimly out.

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BAD RUFE TOLLIVER.

JOHN FOX, JR.

[From "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."]

The scene is laid in the mountains of the Cumberland, where John Hale has come, bringing order and civilization in his wake. For generations the feud between the Tollivers and the Falins had kept the entire community in terror of their lives. Now "bad Rufe Tolliver" has been found guilty of killing one of the policemen, trained by Hale to keep the law. Rufe is condemned to hang by his neck until dead, but no Tolliver has ever been hanged, and old Judd, head of the clan, has given his oath that, if possible, a rescue will be made. Meantime the Falins help Hale.

WITH the day, through mountain and valley, came men and women, boys and girls, children and babes in arms; all in their Sunday best, to the straggling little mountain town. A stranger would have thought that a county fair, a camp-meeting, or a circus was their goal, but they were on their way to look upon the Court House with its black portholes, the graystone jail, the tall wooden box, the projecting beam, and that dangling rope which, when the wind moved, swayed gently to and fro. And Hale had forged his plan. He knew that there would be no attempt at rescue until Rufe was led to the scaffold, and he knew that neither Falins nor Tollivers would come in a band, so the incoming tide found along every road boyish policemen who halted and disarmed every man who carried a weapon, for thus John Hale would have against the pistols of the factions, his own Winchesters and repeating shot-guns. And the wondering people saw at the back windows of the Court House and at the threatening

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port-holes, more youngsters manning Winchesters, more at the windows of the jailer's frame house, which joined and fronted the jail, and more still—a line of them—running all around the jail; and the old men wagged their heads in amazement and wondered if, after all, a Tolliver was really going to be hanged.

So they waited. The neighboring hills were black with people waiting; the housetops were black with men and boys waiting; the trees in the streets were bending under the weight of human bodies; and the jail-yard fence was three feet deep with people hanging to it—all waiting. All morning they waited silently, and patiently, and now the fatal noon was hardly an hour away. Every Falin had been disarmed of his Winchester as he came in, and as yet no Tolliver had entered the town, for wily old Judd had learned of Hale's tactics and had stayed outside. It was fifteen minutes to twelve, a great red-headed figure pushed through the crowd, followed by another of like build, and as the people fell back, a line of Falins slipped along the wall and stood under the port-holes—quiet, watchful, and determined. Almost at the same time on came the Tollivers, headed by giant Judd, all armed with Winchesters—for old Judd had sent his guns in ahead—and as the crowd swept like water into any channel open to it, Hale saw the yard emptied of everybody but the line of Falins against the wall and the Tollivers in a body in front. For a moment old Judd's eyes swept the windows and port-holes of the Court House, the windows of the jailer's house, the line of guards about the jail, and then they dropped to the line of Falins and glared with contemptuous hate into the leaping eyes of old Buck Falin, and in that moment issued swiftly from the line of guards twelve youngsters with Winchesters, six facing the Falins and six facing the Tollivers, each with his shot-gun at his hip. At the head of them stood Hale, his face as hard as though cut from stone, his head bare, and his hand and his hip weaponless. In all that crowd there was not a man or a

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woman who had not heard of him and the personal power that belonged to no other man in all those hills, though armed to the teeth. His voice rose:

"The law has come here and it has come to stay." He faced old Judd now.

"The Falins are here to get revenge on you Tollivers, if you attack us. I know that. But"—he wheeled on the Falins—"understand! we don't want your help! If the Tollivers try to take that man in there, and one of you Falins draws a pistol, those guns there"—waving his hand toward the jail windows—"will be turned loose on *you. We'll fight you both!* The condemned man wishes to make a confession and to say good-by. In five minutes he will be at that window to say what he pleases. Ten minutes later he will be hanged." And he turned and walked calmly into the jailer's door. Not a Tolliver nor a Falin made a movement. It was the subtle tribute that ignorance pays intelligence when the latter is forced to deadly weapons as a last resort. Old Judd was trapped and the Falins were stunned. Old Buck Falin turned his eyes down the line of his men with one warning glance. Old Judd whispered something to a Tolliver behind him and a moment later the man slipped from the band and disappeared. Between the factions, the grim young men stood with their guns like statues.

At once a big man appeared at one of the jailer's windows and then came the sheriff to take out the sash. The crowd gathered closer and a hush came over the crowd out on the hills, spots of intense blue and vivid crimson came here and there from the blackness when the women rose from their seats on the ground. Then—sharply—there was silence. The sheriff disappeared, and shut in by the sashless window as by a picture frame blinking in the strong light, stood bad Rufe Tolliver.

He was going to confess. He had asked to do so. No wonder the crowd was eager, for there was no soul there but knew his record—and what a record! There looking up at

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him were three women whom he had widowed, while at one corner of the jail-yard stood a girl in black—the sweetheart of Mockaby, for whose death Rufe was standing where he stood now. But his lips did not open. His bright black eyes were studying the situation; the little squad of youngsters, back to back, with their repeating rifles, the line of Falins along the wall toward whom protruded six shining barrels, the huddled crowd of Tollivers toward whom protruded six more. In a flash he understood, and in that flash he looked as though he had been suddenly struck a heavy blow by some one from behind, and then his elbows dropped on the sill of the window, his chin dropped into his hands. Slowly his eyes wandered around at the waiting people—in the trees, on the roofs and the fence—and then they dropped to old Judd's and blazed their appeal for a sign. With one heave of his mighty chest old Judd took off his slouch hat, pressed one big hand to the back of his head and kept it there. At that movement Rufe threw his head up as though his breath had suddenly failed him, his face turned sickening white, and slowly again his chin dropped into his trembling hands, and still unbelieving he stared his appeal, but old Judd dropped his big hand and turned his head away. The condemned man's mouth twitched once, settled into defiant calm, and then he did one kindly thing. He turned and motioned Bob Berkley, who was just behind him, away from the window, and the boy, to humor him, stepped aside. Then he stretched his arms wide. Simultaneously came the faraway crack of a rifle, and as a jet of smoke spurted above a clump of bushes three hundred yards away, Bad Rufe wheeled half-way round and fell back into the sheriff's arms. Every Falin made a nervous reach for his pistol, the line of gun-muzzles covering them wavered slightly, but the Tollivers stood still and unsurprised, and when Hale dashed from the door again, there was a grim smile of triumph on old Judd's face. He had kept his promise that Rufe should never hang.

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HEART OF BRIER-ROSE.

LILIAN BELL.

Brier-Rose, favorite of all the men and boys at Weeping Willow, has lost her heart to Dave Comstock, the lame telegraph operator, whose deed of bravery, when conductor of No. 7 train, saved many lives and caused his accident. Dave is hoping to get a better job in Red Valley. When the day of his promotion comes, the men twit Brier-Rose on her attachment for him. Dave has as yet said no word to her of love. Rose's mortification is unspeakable. She sees Dave coming down the street.

"DO you love him? Say, Brier-Rose, do you love Dave?" cried one of her tormentors.

The spell of her unwonted silence was broken. She laughed scornfully as she saw that Dave had heard the question and had involuntarily paused for her reply.

"Do I love him?" she cried, looking him fairly in the face. "I come nearer to hatin' him!"

She turned her horse sharply, and the blows the boys had expected fell on her fiery little Texan. He went up the street on a dead run; but fast as Rose flew, the grieved look in Dave's blue eyes kept pace with her.

That night Dave's genial smile and cheery hopefulness were gone. He sat with his face buried in his folded arms.

Joe, Dave's helper in the station, strode up and down the room stormily. Finally he burst out: "Dave, don't mind it, old feller. She ain't worth grievin' after. I'm sorry you ever saw her."

"No, no, Joe. I don't blame her. Of course, I'm lame, and you can't expect a woman to love a lame man when there are so many others, can you? That little baby I saved from the wreck had brown eyes like Brier-Rose? I remember the baby smiled when I held it out to the men. You know my foot was caught, and I couldn't move. I've never seen Brier-Rose smile

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at me that way. If I had saved *her*, perhaps she would. Do you think so, Joe?"

At home Rose was thinking of the story of Dave's bravery in the wrecked train, of the lives he had saved. And to-day she had mocked him. Ay, if the look he gave her spoke truly, she had cut him to the heart. Tears—tears in the eyes of Brier-Rose!

* * * * * *

The afternoon freight, heavily loaded, had just pulled clumsily out of the Weeping Willow station, with Dave on the rear platform of the car on his way to his new position in Red Valley. Joe waved his hat to him from the window, and Brier-Rose, from the cab of the Forty-four, looked wistfully after him, and shook her shining hair over her eyes to hide their dimness.

The Forty-four, the train of Rose's father's engine, now stood on the siding, waiting to go back to Horseshoe for the midnight express. Brier-Rose trod fearlessly along the side of the boiler, rubbing the hand-rail with a black oil-sodden cloth. She touched the engine as if she loved it. Every part of it shone like the sun. Every valve worked with precision. Each screw was secure. Joe laughed to see her fling a shovelful of coal into the furnace like a born fireman.

Then Rose heard him cry out, and, springing down, she rushed into the station.

"A runaway engine coming this way!" he said, hoarsely. "Spite work of a discharged engineer. No one on her—going twenty-five miles an hour—a single track—Dave's train only going fifteen—the Forty-four and that one car on the only siding between here and Red Valley. My God!"

"Where is it?"

"It broke away from Horseshoe Gap. It's already passed Prairie City, headed straight for here. It's bound to catch Dave before his train gets to Red Valley."

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Rose turned white to her lips. Then she looked Joe full in the face.

"I can save him!" she cried. She sprang for her engine and climbed into the cab.

"Rose! Rose!" roared Joe, in dismay.

Rose turned her white face toward him imploringly. "Be at the switch, Joe, and listen for my signals, as you value Dave's life!" Then she pulled the throttle-valve out to its full extent. The engine shivered; and, at fifty-two miles an hour, the Forty-four leaped down the track to meet the runaway.

There was not a moment to lose. A certain number of miles, lessening every moment, lay between the lumbering freight with Dave on board, and the cruel, senseless, runaway engine.

Feverishly Brier-Rose examined the familiar machinery. Eagerly she scanned the track for signs of the runaway. The whistle of the Forty-four shrilled out an unearthly screech. The engine rocked from side to side at the dizzy rate of speed.

Suddenly she saw smoke in the distance. Larger and larger grew the black speck on the track. Faster and faster flew the Forty-four to meet it. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. When she could plainly see the shape of the approaching engine, she closed the throttle with a rush, reversed her engine, and, at little less than twenty-five miles an hour, began running away from the runaway.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it gained on her. A horrible fear took possession of her that they both would reach Dave's train before she stopped the runaway. She changed the speed, and let the engine gain on her faster.

"I can signal for the siding if I fail," thought Brier-Rose. "Joe will obey my signal." But she shuddered.

Mile after mile they traversed.

In sight of Weeping Willow at last. The Forty-four signaled for a clear track, and only a train length apart the Forty-four and the runaway flew past the little station platform,

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crowded with every man, woman, and child in town, who cheered the flying engine and white-faced girl.

Nearer and nearer came the runaway. Rose braced herself for the shock. Crash! They separated and bounded together again; but Rose was flung to the floor.

Faint with her fall, she gathered herself together, and shut off the steam. Then, with the nose of the runaway viciously pushing the Forty-four, Brier-Rose crept like a cat over the tender, down over the trembling engine, and on her hands and knees she crawled over to the runaway, up along the boiler side, into the cab, and crashed the throttle shut when the Forty-four was within a car's length of Dave's train. She had only strength enough to get her hand on the whistle, hear its shrill call, when, woman-like, she fainted.

She came to herself in the Red Valley station. Dave was bending over her, and calling her name with trembling lips. She opened her eyes, and smiled into his face.

"Oh, Brier-Rose, how could you do it?" he whispered, with a shudder.

"I did it for you, Dave—for you."

TOY COMMANDMENTS.

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT.

OH, the black night, oh, the long lagging hours,
When the soul yearns and tugs and fawns and cowers,
Eager to know, yet loath to meet its fate,
Sick with the penitence that comes too late!
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
What if my years are stained with many crimes?
Death hurts but once, and life a thousand times.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain
Strange fancies flit across my fevered brain.

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Ever before me, wistful-eyed and wild,
I see the phantom figure of a child.
It is my night, the time of life and day
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched throughout the day.
And all good children with their hearts aflame
Are crooning soft and low their father's name,
Or running to and fro from place to place,
To catch the first quick glimpse of his dear face.
But I am lurking where the shadow's grace
Covers the pallor of my wretched face,
Whistling brave tunes so no good child may guess
That I am crazed with fear and bitterness.
But every footstep at the outer door,
And every sound that creaks along the floor,
And every gentle whish of wind or rain
Crashes like nightmare through my tortured brain.
The night grows darker, shadows crawl and creep,
The other children have been soothed to sleep,
But I am left alone to bide my fate,—
O Father God, what *makes* you stay so late?
They thrust me into life, and left me free,
Told me to stay until you came for me,
Gave me for comfort in my hours of need,
To calm my body and to curb my greed,
Those toy commandments which your own cool hands
Fashioned for children of all times and lands.
O God, I never meant in any way
To hurt those treasures in my rough child play!
I put them high up on my treasure shelf,
And let no children touch them but myself,
And climbed up to them when my hands were clean:—
If you had only come back then and seen!
But, God, my hands, my eager man-child hands,—
Mad with unrest no mortal understands,

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Blind with the breathless joy that power brings,
Crazed for the knowledge of the why of things,
I broke at noontime all my blessed toys,
Then turned and mocked the timid other boys.
It was a grand play-time, that little hour,
Vibrant with life and blood and love and power;
Breathless,—so breathless was its moment's trend,
I did not know my sin until the end.
Then, when my soul awoke to know and care,
All the good children stood around to stare,
Prodding their white hands deep into my pain,
To watch me writhe and wince and writhe again.
God, my own sorrow was enough indeed
To punish me the full strength that I need,
But their relentless hands, contemptuous gaze,
Have left me festering in my length of days.
I cannot stand another touch of scorn.
I hate the ghastly day that I was born.
I do not dare to pray, for fear that I
With lips once loosened will curse God and die.
Now comes the night, the time of life and day
When fathers and gods come home along the way
That eager eyes have watched through all the day.
I am no coward to be crazed with fear
Because the death-time of my life is near.
Yet in the growing frenzy of my pain
Strange fancies flit across my dying brain.
Father, I do not need your strength and might,
I only want a little love to-night.
If you must come in wrath with threats of hell,
I can go bravely and can call it well.
But if you should come with a smiling face,
And take me close and warm in your embrace,
And kiss away the years of sin and pain,
I think, I think I could be good again.

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BLESSED BE AMUN.

["BEN-ADAR—A BOY OF THE NILE."]

KATHARINE A. GRIMES.

Time of this story is the last days of the Shepherd Kings of Egypt, about 1600 B. C., one of the most important epochs of the Nile Valley, the return of native kings to power after centuries of barbarian rule.

"IT will be a good year," said Nophis, in a tone of satisfaction, entering his dwelling through the low, square-topped doorway. "Blessed be Amun," rejoined Taphru, his wife, devoutly, looking up from the brazier where she was busily stirring a steaming pot of lentil soup.

"The Great River already reaches the twenty-second cubit. It is yet early, and we may feel assured of gracious gifts at the coming of harvest."

"What profit will it be to us if Amun be kind?" croaked Nefar, the old grandfather. "We have no claim on his riches. They must all go for taxes to the barbarian Assis, who calls himself ruler of Egypt. Ruler, indeed! King of mighty Thebes and proud Memphis! He, a descendant of shepherds and a leader of savage northern hordes!"

Taphru dropped her wooden paddle and broke into a wailing cry.

"Oh, Thebes! Oh, mighty Egypt! Low lieth thy glory. The heel of the tyrant is on thy neck, and his arrows are keen at thy throat!"

"Hush, my father; hush thee, Taphru. Nothing is gained by fruitless waiting," interrupted Nophis. "Let us hope that before the time come for harvest the banners of victory may wave from the golden towers of Amun, and that Aahmes, may the gods defend him! shall be giving council in the halls of his fathers."

"You have heard news, my son?"

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"A captain sent by Tuthmosis, governor of Thebes, comes with a great army which he has been gathering from provinces. His runner came to me yesterday, spent with the journey. He bore a message to Tuthmosis, who is waiting to hear from him before attacking the hordes of Assis. I promised to send the message ahead, but there seem to be none among the soldiers willing to take the risk."

"The risk is so great?"

"The spies of Assis are everywhere."

Nefar leaned forward.

"You are not afraid. You will take the message yourself, and in gratitude for the deed, our successful King Aahmes will give you once more the rank of our forefathers."

"I! They would have my head for my presumption. I promised to find a soldier. I—a tiller of the soil—what have I to do with soldier's work?"

"But surely Tuthmosis will remember. It is in the annals of the Ninth Obelisk. Your forefathers fought beside his own. Our race was of the soldier caste in the old days."

"Kings' sons forget much in two hundred years. Nay, my father, I must find a soldier."

"But the message. What said the message?"

"The time is come."

"Then the days of liberty are at hand," cried Nefar, sinking back into his seat. "Blessed be Amun!"

A shadow fell across the doorway, and a slender, dark-eyed lad of fourteen entered. In his hand he carried a wreath of lotus buds.

"It is thou, Ben-Adar," said Nophis kindly, laying his hand on the smooth dark head which was dutifully bent to receive the father's blessing.

"It is I. Where is my little sister? I have brought her the flowers she wished."

"Still at thy child's tricks," exclaimed Nefar pettishly. "When wilt thou leave them off, and learn to be a man?"

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Ben-Adar straightened himself like a flash, and turned toward his grandfather.

"When the need comes," he said proudly.

Nophis started and looked at the lad keenly. Then beckoning the boy to him, he said:

"The need is come, my son."

"Then I am ready," returned Ben-Adar.

"Wouldst thou truly win back the soldier's rank for thy family? Wouldst thou risk life and limb, as becomes a true soldier, for our hereditary lord, Aahmes?—may Amun be his strength forever!"

Ben-Adar could not speak. Clasping his hands, he fell upon his knees, his face toward the east, the sacred quarter from which the sun-god comes to bless the day.

"It is enough," said Nophis quietly. "The time is come."

An hour later a slender, boyish figure, muffled in a dark cloak, slipped out of the door of the little gray-brick cottage, and passed silently into the shadow of the palm-trees.

Many days went by, but there came no news of Ben-Adar. Strange happenings, however, were startling the quiet Nile Valley. Armed men, their spears, bright as gold, shining in the sun, tramped past the gray-brick cottage. The leader, passing first, stopped at the doorway of the little house, and was met by Nophis.

"The message was safely sent?" inquired the captain sharply.

"It was sent," returned Nophis. "The one who took it is descended from a race of soldiers."

"It is well. You have my thanks," said the leader. "Tell me his name. Aahmes should know it. If the gods grant that the messenger perish not, there will be rich rewards for him."

"His name is Ben-Adar."

Many more days went by, and still no word from Ben-Adar. The great army marched out of Thebes, and away toward the north, where Tuthmosis, the governor, and Aahmes, the hered-

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itary king, were waiting with still other thousands of soldiers. Then runners began to come back to Thebes, with the news of the great battles that were being fought.

At last came the glad news of victory. Aahmes was at last proclaimed rightful king of all Egypt—the Great Lord of Amun and Ruler of the Mighty River. Even then he was on his way to Thebes, to receive the imperial crown.

Never had the stately city by the Nile had such occasion for rejoicing. The gates were thrown wide open, and through them poured hosts of people from the surrounding country, young and old, rich and poor, all anxious to do honor to the beloved monarch whose sovereignty they had secretly owned through so many years of foreign oppression. With the rest came Nophis.

Down the long streets passed the trooping soldiery of Thebes. Nophis, his face growing gray, watched closely, hoping against hope that somewhere in the lines he might discern the dark, slim features and shining eyes of the lad who had gone out to try to do a man's duty in defense of his country and his honor. At last he turned away, sick at heart, as a great shout told him that the last of the long array was in sight—the war-chariots of the king and his bodyguard. His son had not come back.

Suddenly he became aware of some unusual commotion.

"King Aahmes desires that you advance," announced the white-robed trumpeter.

Dazed and startled, Nophis came close, bowing to the ground in homage to his king.

"Thou art Nophis, son of Nefar?" asked the sovereign.

Nophis bowed.

"I am told that thou didst send the messenger from the southern army to Tuthmosis, in our royal behalf. Of what caste art thou?"

"Since the days of the invaders we have been tillers of the

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soil. When thy forefathers were rulers of Egypt, mine were their soldiers and captains."

"Thou hast a son?"

"Alas, I had a son. He would have been your majesty's most faithful soldier, but I fear me——"

"It is not fitting that the son of a race of soldiers, and the father of the king's own armor-bearer, should remain a tiller of the soil. Henceforth thou shalt be called 'Nophis, the Faithful, Guardian of the Royal Chamber.' Mount with me, and thou shalt be taught thy duties."

Bewildered, Nophis felt himself helped into the royal equipage. Two slender brown arms were clasped about the neck.

"Dost thou not know me?" cried Ben-Adar's voice. "Ah, we will soon be back under the palms, and thou shalt learn who I am. Blessed be Amun, the Great River hath brought us a fruitful harvest."

MOTHER-LOVE.

KEENE ABBOTT.

LABORIOUSLY, step by step, a little woman in rusty black was helped by her daughter up the long ascent from the street to the court-house.

"There was no need to start so early," the daughter announced. "We'll have long to wait."

"Yes, it's early," said the elderly woman, "but I was thinking that—that maybe I could——"

"Oh, I see!" the girl exclaimed. "You are thinking you can get the better of the jury or the judge."

The mother looked demurely up, smiled, and became grave again. "Well, at least we are self-respecting folks; they shall see that, Maggie. And, maybe—if I talk with the judge——"

"No, mother, never! You can't get around the judge; nobody can."

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"But I can just ask if he has any boys in his family, and I can tell him that Robert, our Robbie——" The mother's voice quavered into silence, for Robert, her firstborn, was all the boy she had, and this day he was to be tried for burglary.

Reaching the court-room, mother and daughter sat erect and silent. The mother had brought her Bible, which she gravely opened; and, putting on her steel-bowed spectacles, began to read. She became so engrossed that it occasioned her surprise when she heard her daughter's voice saying huskily: "They are bringing him in now."

The mother looked up; she had a smile for her boy, a brown-haired youth, erect, well-looking, with pale face and weak mouth. He sat down outwardly calm.

One of his pals turned state's evidence, confirmed by other witnesses, so that not the least doubt of the boy's guilt remained. The mother maintained an unruffled calm, although she kept scanning the faces of the jury. Some yawned; others fidgeted impatiently; nothing remained but for the mother to offer her evidence. She appeared such a quaint, gray lady when she took the stand—her manner had so much womanly poise, that she had the attention of everybody, even before she unexpectedly said to the jury:

"Some of the other people who were witnesses didn't talk loud enough. I want to talk loud, so you can all hear. It is important."

The gray-haired judge rapped sternly, but there was an amused gentleness in his voice as he said: "Mrs. MacGregory, you are only to answer questions that counsel puts to you."

"All right, but they must pay attention, mustn't they, and not yawn so?"

"Proceed," said the judge.

"I don't want to keep back anything. I want you to know all about it. You may think my Robbie is wild and harum-scarum, and has given his mother a heartache more than once, and so he has. Boys are that way, most boys, I guess, and

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lots of times the blame is with the mothers. We are so strict and hard on them. I was that way with Robbie, for I did so want him to be good. Well, he has not always done as I wanted him to. I am not trying to hide that, but the bad business which the gentlemen here have talked about—he was not mixed up in that. How could he be when he was home in bed? At half-past two o'clock in the morning when that thievery was done, my boy was home in bed. I saw him there asleep; I tucked in the covers about his shoulders. I went to his room because I wanted to know if he had come in. I always know when Robbie comes home. I listen for him.

"How can I be sure that my son was home in bed on the morning in question? I tell you all, gentlemen, that I was in my son's room at half-past two in the morning. I do know I was there on that day and at that hour. I will tell you why I know. I had been with my neighbor—there she sits, back there. Her baby was born that night. I was in her house. I got home at twenty minutes after two. I know that; the doctor knows, and Mrs. Blakesley's sister knows what time in the morning I left the house. There, now!"

The case was argued; the judge read his instructions, the defendant was taken away by a deputy sheriff. Mrs. MacGregory and her daughter remained in the court-room side by side, saying nothing. Once the girl's hand stole out to take her mother's, but the elderly woman drew hers quickly away. It had become a white, frozen thing. Her lips moved whisperingly: "He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house." "He that speaketh lies . . . shall perish."

The afternon faded, twilight came. His Honor took his seat. Attorneys arrived and the prisoner was brought in. Before long the breathless ordeal was at an end, for the verdict was "Not guilty."

The young man waited for his mother to say something, but she did not speak. She did not even look into his face.

"Well," he presently said, "we can go now."

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After several efforts she got to her feet. "Come," she said, and she ushered son and daughter toward the judge's private office. The young man stopped short.

"This is not—not the way," he said.

And the affrighted girl asked: "Where are we going?"

"With me," said the mother.

At the judge's door she knocked. "So you're not gone yet," he said kindly.

"I had to—we had to. You will listen, judge? Look at me, Robbie; lift up your head—so! You are a thief, and I have saved you from prison by lying. I am your mother. I would give up my life for you, Robert—oh, yes, and my soul, too. I don't know; maybe I have done that. I have lied for you, but a lie will not help us. You loaf. You will not work. You go in bad company and I cannot save you from it. I am a perjured woman. I have shamed myself before my daughter. All my days I have lived truthfully, but for you this day. . . . Oh, Robert, Robert, how could you forget us, your mother and your sister! Robbie, you have seen this day in your mother a disgraced woman. Your sister cannot have faith in me any more. I am no longer worthy to be a mother. And now we stand here together—you a thief, and I a false witness. The judge must pass sentence upon us."

The judge stared long out of the window. At last he strode over to the youth, put a heavy hand on each of the boy's soulders and gripped them tight.

"Your mother has lied for you, MacGregory. She has perjured herself; she is under the ban of the law. Do you know that? Disgraced, utterly disgraced, and she has done that for you, you sheepshead, you craven, flabby-souled weakling!—for you! No, not for you, it was for the child she used to glory in and dream over and plan for; it was for the man she wants you to be." The judge put his hand under MacGregory's chin and lifted the face until their eyes met. "Boy, boy, I would go through hell for such a mother."

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MacGregory reached out a hand toward the little gray woman until he felt her cold, work-roughened fingers tremble into his. Then he lifted his head; he squared his shoulders and, looking straight into the judge's eyes, said simply: "I go to work to-morrow."

SERPENT'S VENGEANCE.

G. M. RITCHIE.

NIGHT after night the stars peer out,
Night after night the night-bird sings;
Loud and shrill the music rings,
When glowing sun drives back the night,
And merry birds fly here and there,
Bathing their crests in morning light.

But Lieugra,
With fairer eyes than fond gazelles,
With sweeter voice than music bells,
With golden love, with golden hair,
Can not with me these beauties share.
For yonder 'neath that grassy mound,
The form of her I love so well
In mouldy coffin may be found.

In yonder hut we used to dwell,
When painted warriors lurked around;
And monster serpents oft were found,
That lay beneath the bark to hide,
That through the grasses glitter—glide.
My Lieugra feared their poisonous fangs;
I laughed at her and thought it folly
To shrink in fear from any danger.
I strove to break her of her fearing,
First by laughing, then by jeering.

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I left her side one pleasant morn,
As sweet a morn as e'er was born;
I took my ax and maul and wedges,
To work the timber 'long the ledges.
All day long I hewed and pounded,
All day long the blows resounded.
Round about the bees were humming,
Pecking birds the trees were drumming,
Trippling, drippling little brooks,
Winding round the woodland nooks,
Merry music ever sounding,
To their gentle fancy bounding.

Just as glowing day was dying,
And rifted streaks of golden light
Foretold the coming of the night,
And birds to nest were fleetly flying,
There strayed across my homeward path,
Darting its tongue in fiendish wrath,
A monster serpent. Round it coiled,
Prepared to spring; but quick as flash
My weapon drew, my aim was true,
A loud report, a clang, a clash,
And lo! my foe my weapon foiled.

I tied a thong about its neck,
I dragged it home, and laughing said:
"I'll frighten Lieugra just for fun;
Oh, but she will scream and run,
When I lay it by the door,
E'en though it's cold and dead,—
Foolish thing to be so 'fraid—
I'll break her of her foolish fearing."

I laid the serpent by the door,
I called my Lieugra. Out she came;

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She noticed not the serpent there,
She only looked into my face.
I never saw her quite so fair,
Loving beauty bound in grace;
A form more sweet to human eyes
Never dwelt below the skies.

She left the door somewhat ajar;
She bounded gaily to my side.
God of mercy, could I hide
All the scenes that followed on;
Could deaf'ning thunder drown the sound
That echoes still within my ears.
Some demon seemed to seize my soul,
For mortal man with tempered mind
Could not so madly play my part;
No mortal eye could be so blind,
So dead to love, so void of heart.
I sprang from her, and with a bound
Leaped within the open door,—
Closed it in the face of Lieugra.

Then rang the wildest, piercing cries
That ever fell on human ears.
Loud I heard my name repeated,
By the lips of frightened Lieugra,
"Linden, Linden, save me, save me!"
Still that wailing sound I hear;
The winds that blow, the waves that beat,
Still those awful wails repeat:
"Linden, Linden, save me, save me!"
All the woodland seems to say:
"Linden, Linden, save me, save me!"

I swung the door upon its hinges,
Heard its dull and screechy schringes,

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Bounded out again to Lieugra.
God of mercy, hide the horror,—
Round her coiled a deadly serpent,
In her cheek its teeth were fastened.
Knife in hand I quickly hastened,
Cut the poisoned demon from her;
But too late,—her life had fled,
My darling, sweet Lieugra was dead.

By her side two serpents lay;
One I brought in foolish play,
Flung it at an angel's feet;
One had followed by my path,
Searching for its dead companion;
In its deadly, fearful wrath
Wound around my fairest idol,
Left me bleeding for my folly.

GORDON REDEEMS HIMSELF.

THE situation at the R-Western Agency was desperate. At beginning of the campaign, when troops had been hurried to the seat of the Indian troubles, the War Department had ordered a battalion of infantry to this vicinity, and here for the last five weeks it had remained. As Colonel Brace stood at the door of his log-hut, an irrepressible anxiety betrayed itself upon his haggard face. Although the Indians had become openly sullen and vicious, appeals for reinforcements had remained unheeded.

"Pleasant prospect, isn't it?" said a voice at his side. "Jones said you wanted me. There's bound to be something wrong when a man in your condition takes to admiring the landscape."

"Jack, unless we can get help, the jig's up; we're done for!"

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"Anything new?" said the other. The colonel nodded.

"It's the crisis; a courier has arrived—the only one of three that got through. The whole outfit at Three Forks is moving. They couldn't spare us any wagons, and they want us, unless the situation is desperate, to hold out."

"Ha!"

"Well, this morning Two Bears, who is still friendly, sent to warn me that the day after to-morrow these tribes intend to cut us off. There are forty-five hundred of them, Kane, and I have in all a little over two hundred men. We have only five days' rations. If we don't get reinforcements, there can be but one ending."

"We must send for help," said Kane decisively. "If a messenger gets through, a forced march will bring reinforcements by to-morrow night. It's a desperate chance, but our only one. But only the right man should be allowed to go. Brace, I should be glad if you would give me permission to go myself."

"Stuff!—your duty lies here. I can't get on without you. Besides, you're too heavy. It needs a youngster, light and wiry, a good rider——" He stopped short. His eyes met Kane's. "Good Lord! If I only dared, I'd send Gordon!"

Kane drew his breath sharply. "Try it! try it! for God's sake! He's cut out for it. He rides like an Indian. If he lives, it's his professional salvation; if he dies, he will die a soldier's death—a far better thing for him than life, shadowed as his must henceforth be."

Gordon had come into the regiment under exceptionally pleasant circumstances. From the day he had reported, the colonel's interest in the lad amounted to a passion; and the boy seemed quite worthy of it. Merry, generous and honorable, there had been nothing to prepare his comrades for the inexplicable occurrence that had closed his brief career. He had taken command of a detachment on the morning of their encounter with the enemy. Half an hour later, he had been found, white and helpless, beside the bodies of some dead sol-

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diers, his men waiting vainly for the orders which should have led them forward. That evening Kane had been sent down to demand the boy's sword.

Brace broke the silence jerkily. "Think of his mother! think of his mother! He's all she's got!"

"The woman's a soldier's daughter," said Kane; "she would be the last to bid him stay. And even if it were not so—for the Lord's sake, George, don't let such a consideration as that stand in the boy's way! Think of his future, ridiculed by the men, despised by his comrades, branded as a coward before the world! Give him a chance to wipe out this awful stain—with his blood, if necessary. If he refuses to take it, he will meet his deserts, and go down like the cur that he will have proved himself to be. If he succeeds, no one can breathe a word against him; the past will be forgiven and forgotten, and he will return an honorable man."

The colonel drew a long breath.

"What horse can he take?"

"My own—Rajah; Gordon has raced him often. If you have no further orders, I had better go."

The tent which Kane sought stood at the end of the line, slightly apart from the rest. Its occupant sprang up as the adjutant entered.

"Sit down, Dick. We have important news this afternoon. It will take some time to explain matters." Kane seated himself, and began, feeling his way carefully toward the climax of the situation. He ended by saying:

"It will take a youngster, light and wiry, one who knows the country well, a good rider." The young man's face had whitened.

"A youngster," he repeated mechanically, "a good rider! I'm that——" Then he shrank back trembling. "Why in God's name have you come here to tell me this?"

Kane rose suddenly. Reaching out, he caught the lad by the collar and jerked him violently.

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"You contemptible cur! You contemptible, cowardly cur! You must go! Do you hear? You must!"

"I go? You have come here to tell me I *may* go? I—I am to be trusted on such an errand as this? Oh, don't trifle with me! I don't deserve much, but I can't stand that!" and falling on his knees, he burst into tears.

For a moment Kane stood there silent; then he laid his hand gently on the bowed head. "God bless you!" and, raising the canvas, softly stepped outside.

From Gordon's tent the adjutant went to the corporal to give orders for his horse. The next two hours were spent in consultation with the colonel. It was nearly eleven before he found himself once more before Gordon's tent. Then the two made their way to the commander's cabin. The boy's voice trembled as he spoke.

"I want first, sir, to thank you for your goodness in giving me this chance. It's more than I expected. I've wanted to explain to you ever since the day of the fight, but I was afraid you mightn't believe it; but, now—now you'll believe me, and think the best you can of me, I'm sure." Then he told them the story of his downfall.

Physical inability to bear the sight of blood had from boyhood afflicted him, but the possibility of its interfering with the performance of his duty never occurred to him until the moment of that first awful test on the battlefield. The sight had caused all power of action to desert him.

As he finished, a horse's hoofs clicked on the path outside. "There's my horse, colonel," he said.

"There are your despatches; I give you no orders, only get them through. God keep you!"

As the horse trotted away, the lad drew a deep breath and patted Rajah's neck. "Bravo, old boy! We've done it often for fun. We'll do it now in earnest!"

So fifteen miles were made before three o'clock. The darkness grew less dense. Between Gordon and the fort lay the

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camps of the hostile Indians. He dismounted and tightened the girths. "Now, old boy." A moment later, horse and rider were speeding across the prairie.

Half a dozen dusky figures stole from the brush and settled like hounds on their trail.

Ahead, outlined against the sky, lay the fort. Gordon bent, gripping the reins close to the horse's neck. The pace was tremendous. Gordon looked back—as he did so, the foremost Indian raised his gun and a bullet, humming under Gordon's elbow, plowed itself raggedly along Rajah's neck. The wound was superficial, and Gordon remained for the moment ignorant of what had happened. Suddenly he looked down. A shrinking horror overspread his face.

He shut his teeth hard. Here on the threshold of his triumph, the old demon had him in its clutches. Dimly, as through a maze, he heard: "I give you no orders, only get them through."

The road grew black before him. With a last effort he leaned forward and wound his arms about the horse's neck. There was blood, blood everywhere.

The horse's stride slackened. The Indians seeing it, hailed the lessening distance to their prey with yells which pierced loudly through Gordon's flagging consciousness.

Slowly, with perspiration dripping from his forehead, he raised himself in his saddle to drive the spurs into Rajah's sides. Rajah answered with a final burst of speed. It was plain he could not bear his burden farther.

The road made a sudden bend and stretched to the gates of the fort. A little to the right stood a clump of bushes. In the days of their steeple-chasing it had marked the beginning of their home-stretch; and, at sight of it, like an inspiration, the memory of Rajah's habits flashed into Gordon's mind. As he dashed around the curve, the boy took out his despatch case and fastened it to the ring of the saddle. He was for the moment hidden from his pursuers' view; and, coming

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abreast of the bushes, he gave Rajah a vicious cut with the reins and flung himself from the saddle.

The horse dashed forward toward the gate which led to his old stable in the corral. Gordon crawled into the thicket and waited.

Suddenly his pursuers scattered to right and left. The gates of the stockade had opened and a squad of cavalry came through them. Gordon saw the troopers gather around the black horse; presently a soldier led him into the fort and the others came forward toward the boy's hiding-place. He sprang to his feet and rushed out upon the road.

"Saved!" he cried. "Dear God, saved and free! Saved! Saved!"

MENDOZA AND THE KING.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

[From "In the Palace of the King."]

King Philip II. of Spain, jealous of his brother Don John's popularity, during private interview assaults him and leaves him supposedly dead. Mendoza, court official, and father of Dolores with whom Don John is in love, to shield the King, declares himself the murderer. Following scene is private examination of Mendoza by the King.

"YOU say that you had long entertained feelings of resentment against his Highness," said the King. "You admit that, do you?"

"I beg your Majesty's pardon. I did not say 'resentment.' I said that I had long looked upon his Highness's passion for my daughter with great anxiety."

"Is that what he said, Perez?" asked Philip, speaking to the Secretary. "Read that."

"He said: 'I have long resented his Highness's admiration for my daughter,'" answered Perez, reading from his notes.

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"You see," said the King; "you resented it. That is resentment. I was right. Be careful, Mendoza, for your words may be used against you. Say precisely what you mean, and nothing but what you mean."

Mendoza inclined his head proudly.

"Why did you resent his Highness's courtship of your daughter?"

"Because I never believed that there could be a real marriage—I believed that my child must become the toy and plaything of Don John of Austria; or else that, if his Highness married her, the marriage would be declared void, in order that he might marry a more important personage."

"Set that down," said the King, in a sharp tone. "Set that down exactly. It is important." He waited till the Secretary's pen stopped before he went on. His next question came suddenly.

"How could a marriage consecrated by our holy religion ever be declared null and void?"

"Easily enough, if your Majesty wished it."

"Write down that answer, Perez. In other words, Mendoza, you think that I have no respect for the sacrament of marriage. Is that what you think?"

"I did not say that, Sire. I said that even if Don John married my daughter——"

"I know quite well what you said," interrupted the King; "Perez has got every word of it on paper."

"I have confessed publicly that I killed Don John defenceless. Is not that enough?"

"Oh, no!" The King almost smiled. "That is not enough. We must also know why you committed such an abominable crime. In taking your evidence here myself, I am sparing you the indignity of an examination before a tribunal, and under torture. You ought to be very grateful, my dear Mendoza."

"I thank your Majesty."

"That is right. So we know that your hatred of his High-

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ness was of long standing, and you had probably determined some time ago that you would murder him. Do you deny that on this very afternoon you swore that if Don John attempted to see your daughter, you would kill him?"

Mendoza's haggard eyes opened wide as he stared at Philip.

"How did your Majesty know that I did?"

"I know everything. We also know that your daughter met his Highness this evening. Do you confess to knowing that the two met this evening?"

"Let your Majesty dismiss Don Antonio Perez. I will then tell your Majesty all I know."

"It is not the privilege of a man convicted of murder to choose his hearers. Answer my questions or keep silent. Do you confess that you knew of your daughter's meeting with Don John this evening?"

Mendoza's lips set tightly under his gray beard, and he uttered no sound. He interpreted the King's words literally.

"Well, what have you to say?"

"Nothing, Sire, since I have your Majesty's permission to be silent."

"Note that he refuses to answer the question, Perez."

"Since I do not deny the deed, I entreat your Majesty to let me suffer for it quickly. I am ready to die, God knows."

"Not at all, not at all," answered the King, with terrible coolness. "I mean that you shall have a fair and open trial. There must be nothing secret about this horrible crime. Consider how awful a thing it would be if any one should dare to suppose that my own brother had been murdered with my consent! It is my duty to see that the causes of your atrocious action are perfectly clear to my subjects. I repeat that if I have condescended to examine you alone, I have done so only out of a merciful desire to spare an old soldier. Understand that."

"I understand that and much more besides," answered Mendoza, in low and savage tones.

"It is not necessary that you should understand or think

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that you understand anything more than what I say," returned the King coldly. "At what time did you go to his Highness's apartments this evening?"

"Your Majesty knows."

"I know nothing of it."

"Did not your Majesty go with me by the private staircase to Don John of Austria's apartment?" asked Mendoza, thunderstruck by the enormous falsehood.

"With you?" cried the King, in admirably feigned astonishment. "What madness is this?"

"You said," continued the King mercilessly, "that you killed his Highness when he was unarmed. Is that true?"

"His Highness was unarmed," said Mendoza, through his closed teeth.

"Unarmed," repeated the King, nodding to Perez, who wrote rapidly. "You might have given him a chance for his life. It would have been more soldierlike. Was there any quarrel?"

"None." Mendoza tried to make Philip meet his eyes, but the King would not look at him.

"There was no altercation," said the King, looking at Perez. "That proves that the murder was premeditated. Put it down. You could hardly have stabbed him in the back. Where was the wound?"

"The wound that killed his Highness will be found near his heart."

"Cruel!" Philip looked down at his own hands, and he shook his head sadly. "Cruel, most cruel," he repeated in a low tone.

"I admit that it was cruel," said Mendoza, looking at him fixedly. "In that, your Majesty is right."

"Did you see your daughter before or after you had committed the murder?"

"I have not seen my daughter since the murder."

"But you saw her before? Be careful. Perez, write down

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every word. You say that you saw your daughter before you did it."

"I did not say that," answered Mendoza firmly.

"You refuse to admit that you found your daughter and Don John together, then?"

"I did not find them together. I have said so."

"Do you persistently refuse to admit that you had positive evidence of your daughter's guilt before the murder?"

"I will not admit that, Sire, for it would not be true."

"Your daughter has given her evidence since." Mendoza turned more ashy pale than before, and started perceptibly at the King's words.

"I shall never believe that!" he cried in a voice which nevertheless betrayed his terror for his child.

"A few moments ago your daughter addressed the court, standing on the steps of the throne—a very improper proceeding and one which should not have been allowed. Your daughter Dolores—is that the girl's name? Yes,—your daughter Dolores, amidst most profound silence, confessed that she—it is so monstrous that I can hardly bring myself to say it—that she had yielded to his late Highness, that she was with him in his room this evening, that, in fact, she was actually in his bedchamber when he was murdered."

"It is a lie!" cried Mendoza. "It is an abominable lie—she was not in the room!"

"She has said that she was," answered the King. "You can hardly suppose a girl capable of inventing such damning evidence against herself, even for the sake of saving her own father. It is quite clear that you found the two together and that you killed his Highness before your daughter's eyes. Why not admit that, Mendoza?"

"She was not there," protested Mendoza.

"Very well. I am sorry to say that there can have been no extenuating circumstances. You entered his Highness's bedchamber, you did not even speak to him, you drew your sword

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and you killed him. All this shows that you went there fully determined to commit the crime. But with regard to its motive, this strange confession of your daughter's makes that quite clear. She had been extremely imprudent with Don John, and you revenged yourself in the most brutal way. You yourself must die a degrading and painful death on the scaffold, and you die leaving behind you a ruined girl, who must bury herself in a convent and never be seen by her worldly equals again. Besides that, you have deprived your King of a beloved brother, and Spain of her most brilliant general. Could anything be worse?"

"Yes. There are worse things than that, your Majesty, and worse things have been done. It would have been a thousand times worse if I had done the deed and cast the blame of it on a man so devoted to me that he would bear the guilt in my stead, and a hundred thousand times worse if I had then held up that man to the execration of mankind, and tortured him with every distortion of evidence which great falsehoods can put upon a little truth. That would indeed have been far worse than anything I have done. God may find forgiveness for murderers, but there is only hell for traitors, and the hell of hells is the place for men who betray their friends."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S WIFE.

OVER Babylon's grandeurs one grayness of ominous mist had outrolled;
To their altars the priesthood had hurried, with visages white to behold.
All the mirth of the shawms and the sackbuts by night or by day did not ring,
And the people were huddling in terror, for the curse had come down on the king.

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Through the city one deep desolation had banished by spells of affright
The turmoil of traffic at noonday or the toss of the torches at night;
Over Nebuchadnezzar's vast army one sorrowing stupor would drowse,
Alike on the helmeted spearmen and the archers with filleted brows.

But I, in my bonds of bereavement, through reveries no cheer could console,
I would pace my long tapestried chambers, on my couches of ivory would loll;
And of throngs that lamented their monarch unto none came affliction more keen
Than to me, his moon-browed Amyitis, his beloved Babylonian queen.

He had wooed me with ardors of passion; he had won me to share his great throne;
For I was imperial, a princess, with lineage as proud as his own.
In the halls of my fathers he found me, at the first flush of girlhood's young dream,
Where the mountains of Media are mighty and the domes of Ecbatana beam.

He had wed me and girt me with worship; he had built me, to ban my least cares,
Hanging gardens where fountains of porphyry played splendid from flowery parterres;
He had clad me in tissues like cobwebs, where diamonds like dew shed their sheens,
And the robes of the slave-girls that fanned me were fit for the ransoms of queens.

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Ah, many an evening together, from the tiger-skins gleamed up his gaze,
And like wrath in the green eyes of dragons his armlets of emerald would blaze.
But 'twas love, only love, that illumined his looks when they dwelt upon mine,
As I called him my conqueror, my hero, my warrior, my chieftain divine.

But the crafty Judæans he had vanquished wrought slow on the moods of his mind,
Till I hated the wizardries guileful that round him like skeins they entwined;
For at last he would come to me somber where jovial erewhile he had come,
And the beam in his dark eye was clouded, the laugh on his bearded lips dumb.

Then he spoke of a dream that had irked him, filled full of inscrutable threat,
But I bade him disdain and forget it, as kings may disdain and forget;
Yet alike my entreaties or counsels were emptier than air to his ears,
And he passed from my portals desponding, though I strove to detain him with tears.

And no more to my bowers would he wander, and ever my torment was worse,
Till at last came the message of misery, the tidings that told of his curse.
And harkening I trembled for horror when they whispered with gasps of their king,
That he prowled the great park of his palace, a prone granivorous thing!

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So erelong to the chief of the eunuchs I bade that a message be sent:
Untarrying he came where I waited, and low in obeisance he bent.
Then I told my desire, and he started, and prostrate he fell in dismay,
And "Oh, queen," he responded, "thy servant but lives thy behests to obey.

"Still pause . . for too rashly thou temptest the gods in omnipotence dread——"
But I towered o'er him, quivering with anger, and answered him, "Slave, I have said!"
How loitered those leaden-shod moments till midnight made good her mute reign!
Till I passed the unchallenging swordsmen that guard my seraglio's domain.

Then, terrace by terrace descending, we stood where the grass dripped with dew.
"Now," I whispered to my escort, "leave me." He shuddered, and softly withdrew.
Like a vanishing phantom I saw him retire and be lost up the slope.
He had left me alone with my longing, my pain, my despair and my hope!

Then I dropped on my knees in the darkness and stretched forth my arms to its air,
As though I could clasp and possess it because my beloved one was there;
And I cried, "Oh, my king, I await thee, whate'er be thy doom or thy dole!
Let the gods work their worst on thy body; not that do I seek, but thy soul!

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"Come hating me—fear shall not fright me, nor pride my quick pardon efface!
Come mad—I will soothe thee to mildness; come brute-like—my arms will embrace!
Come deformed—I shall know thee and love thee! Come hideous—thou shalt not repel!
Thou art heaven to me always, though branded with scars from the forges of hell!"

Was it wind in the trees? Was it movement of deer through the foliage dank?
I knew not, but listening and yearning, low down in the darkness I sank.
Did I dream? Was the darkness dividing? Had he heeded the prayer I had prayed?
Then a voice. . . . It was his, yet so mournful! *"Amyitis, art thou not afraid?"*

But I shrank not an instant before him; unreluctant I leaned and embraced!
Had I clung to him glorious and stately, to spurn him now, marred and defaced?
And I cried, "Whatsoe'er thine abasement, low down to it, lord, let me bow!
Though the barrier between us be loathsome, still, love, I am I, thou art thou!"

Night by night we met thus till the bondage that fettered and foiled him had ceased,
Till he rose once more Nebuchadnezzar, he rose disenthralled and released.
All the people have hailed him with welcomes till their gladness the land hath o'erflowed;
But on me, Amyitis, adored one, his dearest of smiles are bestowed!

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"THE SQUARE THING."

MYRTLE REED.

[From "Spinner in the Sun."]

Miss Evelina Grey, a ghostly little woman in black who wears always a thick white veil over her face, has come back to the country village which she left as a girl twenty-five years ago. Dr. Anthony Dexter sees her and recognizes the woman he has wronged. His son, Ralph Dexter, ignorant of the real situation, is moved by pity for what, he thinks, is her disfigurement, and goes to Evelina with an offer of surgical assistance. Dexter, in terror, awaits the return of the son he adores, who, he knows, will despise him when the truth comes out.

IT was dusk. Anthony Dexter sat alone in the library. Through the day, he had wearied himself to the point of exhaustion, but his phantom pursuer had not tired. The veiled figure of Evelina had easily kept pace with him.

Night brought no relief. He could see her in darkness as plainly as in sunshine. Time and again he had darted forward to catch her, but she eluded him. "If I could once get my hands upon her——"

His fists closed tightly, then he muttered, "I will not add murder to my sins."

Ralph came in, tired. "Alone, father?" he called, cheerily.

"No."

"Who's here? It's so dark, I can't see."

Fumbling for a match, he lighted a wax candle. The face of his father materialized suddenly out of the darkness, wearing an expression which made Ralph uneasy.

"I thought you said some one was with you."

"Aren't you here?"

"Oh, I see."

With the candle flickering between them, the two men

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faced each other. "Father," said Ralph, "you know that this morning we were speaking of Miss Evelina? Well, I saw her again to-day."

"Did—did she show you her face?"

"No. I found the front door open and I went in. She was asleep, on the couch in the parlor, and she wore no veil. Father, she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in all my life. Her face is as exquisite as if chiselled in marble, and you never saw such eyes."

Anthony Dexter's cold fingers drummed on the table. Yes, he knew she was beautiful. He had not forgotten it for an instant since she had thrown back her veil and faced him. "Did—did she tell you why she wears the veil?"

"Yes, she told me."

A sword, suspended by a single hair, seemed swaying uncertainly over Anthony Dexter's head. Ralph's eyes were upon him, but not in contempt.

"Father, she would not tell the name of the man, though I begged her to." Anthony Dexter's heart began to beat again, slowly at first, then with a sudden and unbearable swiftness.

"It was in a laboratory. She was there with the man she loved and whom she was pledged to marry. He was trying a new experiment. While he was leaning over the retort she heard the mass seethe, and pushed him away, just in time to save him. There was an explosion, and she was terribly burned. He was not touched, mind you—she had saved him. They took her to the hospital, and wrapped her in bandages. He went there only once. There was another girl there, named Evelyn Grey, who was so badly burned that every feature was destroyed. The two became confused. They told him she would be disfigured for life and he went away.

"Father, you do not seem to understand. I suppose it is difficult for you to comprehend such cowardice—you have always done the square thing. Try to think of a brute like that, father, and be glad that our name means 'right.' She saved

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him from terrible disfigurement, if not from death. Having instinctively thrown up her right arm, she got the worst of it there, and on her shoulder. Her face was badly burned, but not so deeply as to be scarred. She showed me her shoulder —it is awful. I never had seen anything like it. She said her arm was worse.

"He never knew. He went to the hospital only once. He had told her that very day that he loved her for the beautiful soul she had, and at the test, his love failed. He went away, and married, and he had a son. Think of the son, father! Suppose he knew it! How could he ever bear a disgrace like that!

"When she understood what had happened, and how he had deserted her after taking his cowardly life from her as a gift, her hair turned white. She wore the veil at first because her face was healing, and before it had wholly healed she had become accustomed to the shelter of it. Then, too, as she said, it kept people away from her—she could not be tempted to love or trust again.

"She did not think he had told his son. Do you know what I was thinking, father? I was thinking of you, and how you had always done the square thing.

"The man still lives. He is happy and prosperous and he has not suffered at all. I want to punish that brute. Father, do you know that when I think of a cur like that, I believe I could rend him with my own hands?"

Anthony Dexter got to his feet unsteadily. The mists about him cleared and the veiled figured whisked suddenly out of his sight. He went up to Ralph as he might walk to the scaffold, but his head was held high.

"Strike!"

"Father, it was never you! Just a word, and I'll believe you! For the sake of our manhood, father, tell me it isn't true!"

Anthony Dexter's head drooped; his hands groped pitifully,

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like those of a blind man, toward Ralph's and the boy shrank back as though from the touch of a snake. With a deep-drawn breath of agony, he flung himself, unseeing, out of the room. Ralph reeled against his chair, sank into it helplessly, and his head fell forward on the table.

"Father!" he breathed. "Father! Father!"

DEBORAH, OR THE JEWISH MAIDEN'S WRONG.

DRAMATIC PATHOS ROMANCE MONOLOGUE FOR A WOMAN.

DEBORAH, speaker present, who soliloquizes.

COSTUME: Oriental—white robe banded about belt with wide brilliantly-colored sash knotted at front center after passing around body twice; ends of sash hanging to bottom of gown; wide and flowing sleeves; long cape of brilliantly-colored material hanging from neck; cape held by long cord with tassels. Feet bare or with sandals. White headband tied over left ear. Flowing hair.

SCENE: Street scene; church to L. DEBORAH, worn out with sorrow, stands at stage center, facing audience.

WHAT do I seek? I know not. I know not. The arrow whistles through the air—but at what 'tis leveled I know not. I must remain. Seven days have passed—the time we mourn for our dead. By the bier's head we set a lamp, and at the dead one's feet we crouch and weep. Seven days and seven nights have I wept here my dead love. Heaven—great heaven, hast thou not made me, even as thou hast made my fellow-creatures? Hast thou not created love, like the air and light, to be for all thy children's good alike? Thou took'st from me father and mother, thou left'st me alone and unfriended in thy great world, with love as my sole possession. Oh, why hast thou made thine own gift a torment? Even as I now blindly question, I questioned on the night when first I

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saw him. I cried, "Ah, wherefore was I created?" and on mine eyes his form arose, a shape of light, before which my heart bowed in thankfulness to Thee that Thou had'st made me. Tossed, beaten on the rocks of a stormy ocean, I touched the shore—for one moment—one blissful moment—and the ruthless waters snatched me back again into the furious breakers. No, I still live—the waters have not engulfed me. I live—but broken—broken! Let me be calm! When I saw him yesterday—no, not yesterday—no, a week ago—a week,—how passionate were his words. "Let us flee together," he cried, and I deserted all who belonged to me—abandoned in the storm—the mother, her helpless infant, and the blind old man, to follow him. I fled from all, to throw myself into his arms, and had no other tie on earth but him, and he—he took back his heart, and offered me money in its stead. And my heart still beats—I live still. A fair girl led him away, with smiles on her lips,—he loves her,—he loves her, and the poor Jewess may go forth with money to pay her soul's wreck. Not so, not so—I will see him, and claim the reckoning for promises made in heaven's name. I will see him,—the perfidious—Oh, my heart, dost thou love still the foot that tramples thee? [*Organ in church peals.*] Perhaps I have been the victim of some error into which he may have led me designedly. His mind may have been filled with cruel prejudice. In truth, his looks and voice bespoke more of sorrow than of anger. Why did I not question him? Proud lips, why did you not beg to know the cause of his aversion? Still, he may love me, and even now, his heart, like mine, be weighed down with grief and vain regret.

My soul is calmed by the holy mystery of this grand music. [*Organ ceases.*] There are voices speaking in the church, as if a marriage were being solemnized. Two hearts, long suffering from the anger of men, perhaps, are being bound with the blessing of the priest. I bless them, too. Let me look upon them—the happy ones. I am alone—no one can see me. [*Cau-*

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tiously looking in, then suddenly rushing away, uttering a low, wild cry.] Where am I?—do I dream? 'Tis he, 'tis he! Revenge!

Just heaven, I call back my benediction. Let no blessing rest on such a perjurer's head. A knife for vengeance! Blood! blood! No, no! Thou shalt judge. Thine, Jehovah, is the vengeance, Thou alone can'st send it! I judge him not. Deal with this Christian. Heaven, I accuse, but judge not.

THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

[Used by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the writings of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.]

TIME: A. D. 1670.
AGLAE, a widow.
MURIEL, her unmarried sister.

IT happened once, in that brave land that lies
For half the twelve-month arched by somber skies,
Two sisters loved one man. He being dead,
Grief loosed the lips of her he had not wed,
And all the passion that through heavy years
Had masked in smiles unmasked itself in tears.
Nor purer love may mortals know than this,
The hidden love that guards another's bliss.

High in a turret's westward-facing room,
Whose painted window held the sunset's bloom,
The two together grieving, each to each
Unveiled her soul with sobs and broken speech.
Both still were young, in life's rich summer yet;
And one was dark, with tints of violet

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In hair and eyes, and one was blonde as she
Who rose—a second daybreak—from the sea,
Gold-tressed and azure-eyed. In that lone place,
Like dusk and dawn, they sat there face to face.

She spoke the first whose strangely-silvering hair
No wreath had worn, nor widow's weed might wear,
And told her blameless love, and knew no shame—
Her holy love that, like a vestal flame
Beside the sacred body of some queen
Within a guarded crypt, had burned unseen
From weary year to year. And she who heard
Smiled proudly through her tears and said no word,
But drawing closer, on the troubled brow
Laid one long kiss, and that was words enow!

MURIEL. Be still my heart! Grown patient with thine ache
Thou shouldst be dumb—yet needs must speak, or break.
The world is empty now that he is gone.

AGLAE. Ay, sweetheart!

MURIEL. None was like him, no, not one.
From other men he stood apart, alone,
In honor spotless as unfallen snow.
Nothing all evil was it his to know;
His charity still found some germ, some spark
Of light in natures that seemed wholly dark.
He read men's souls; the lowly and the high
Moved on the self-same level in his eye.
Gracious to all, to none subservient,
Without offence he spake the word he meant—
His word no trick of tact or courtly art,
But the white flowering of the noble heart.

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Careless he was of much the world counts gain,
Careless of self, too simple to be vain,
Yet strung so finely that for conscience's sake
He would have gone, like Cranmer, to the stake.
I saw—how could I help but love? And you?

AGLAE. At this perfection did I worship, too.
'Twas this that stabbed me. Heed not what I say!
I meant it not; my wits are gone astray
With all that is and has been. No, I lie—
Had he been less perfection, happier I!

MURIEL. Strange words and wild! 'Tis the distracted mind
Breathes them, not you, and I no meaning find.

AGLAE. Yet 'twere as plain as writing on a scroll
Had you but eyes to read within my soul—
How a grief hidden feeds on its own mood,
Poisons the healthful currents of the blood
With bitterness, and turns the heart to stone!
I think, in truth, 'twere better to make moan,
And so be done with it. This many a year,
Sweetheart, have I laughed lightly and made cheer,
Pierced through with sorrow!

Then the widowed one,
With sorrowfulest eyes beneath the sun,
Faltered, irresolute, and bending low
Her head, half-whispered:

"Dear, how could you know?
What masks are faces yours, unread by me
These seven long summers; mine, so placidly
Shielding my woe! No tremble of the lip,
No cheek's quick pallor let our secret slip!

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Mere players we, and she that played the queen,
Now in her homespun, looks how poor and mean!
How shall I say it, how find words to tell
What thing it was for me made earth a hell
That else had been my heaven? 'Twould blanch your cheek
Were I to speak it. Nay, but I will speak,
Since like two souls at compt we seem to stand,
Where nothing may be hidden. Hold my hand,
But look not at me! Noble 'twas and meet,
To hide your heart, nor fling it at his feet
To lie despis'd there. Thus saved you our pride
And that white honor for which earls have died.
You were not all unhappy, loving so!
I with a difference wore my weight of woe.
My lord was he. It was my cruel lot,
My hell, to love him—for he loved me not!"

Then came a silence. Suddenly like death
The truth flashed on them, and each held her breath;
A flash of light whereby they both were slain,—
She that was loved, and she that loved in vain!

POLICY OF CROMWELL.

HOMER LONGFELLOW.

[1898 prize oration of Central Oratorical League contest.]

GREAT crises and great leaders appear simultaneously. Each is the necessary complement of the other. When vital principles are at stake, when reforms are to be wrought, when the people are to add a new clause to their charter of liberties, then the Ruler of nations furnishes the requisite great man. Such a crisis came in the fateful seventeenth cen-

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tury. Such a leader was the soldier, the reformer, the statesman, Oliver Cromwell.

Cromwell was prëeminently fitted to lead a great revolution to an enduring victory, to swing the English nation into the orbit of new ideals, to turn a corner in the history of England and of the world. Feudalism still held society with a firm grasp. But the times were ripe for the final struggle for liberty, for breaking down the last barrier to progress. Would England remain true to the past, or would she shake off the principles of a decayed social order? King and Cavalier denied. Puritan and Parliament affirmed. The Cavalier, the champion of a personal government, fought for king and selfish license. The Puritan, the champion of civil liberty, fought for equality and justice. The King would rule by star-chamber decrees, high commission courts, and forced loans. The Puritan would substitute for these anomalies of a liberty-loving people, the blessing of constitutional rule. The stern demand of an injured but patient people was met by the insincere procrastination of a selfish court. When the strain became too great, passion awoke and civil war began. Charles I. was the fated victim of the revolution which his own absolutism had provoked. Cromwell was God's chosen instrument for leading to victory the Puritanism of which he was the chiefest product.

Entering the army, Cromwell finds it without organization, discipline, or able leaders. A John Knox in zeal, a Richelieu in organizing power, a Napoleon in indomitable will, now by sheer force of military genius, now by a New Model intrigue, he meets and crushes all opposition. Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester are the swift and decisive steps in the overthrow of personal government and absolutism in England.

The war is over and the logic of events makes Cromwell the director of England's destiny. Genius for statesmanship, restrained by conscience and based on character unimpeachable, fits him to be England's greatest ruler. Violence and anarchy,

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brooding like foul harpies over hut and hall, vanish at his word. He reopens the fountains of law and order and once more the purified streams flow out to lave the body politic. Cromwell gave England responsible government without anarchy and freedom of conscience without intolerance. He found England threatening despotism. He left her the exponent of justice, freedom and equality. Not only this, but, clad in the majesty of her new-found self-respect, England strode into the very presence chamber of continental tyrants, and compelled attention for her dignity, admiration for her power, and submission to her demand that intolerance should cease among men.

Two and one-half centuries have passed away; Cromwell's policy, carried to its logical conclusion by succeeding statesmen, has established the rights of men, and placed the masses on a higher vantage-ground. His spirit, the very incarnation of upright rule, has walked with each succeeding generation.

A century goes by and France would make the world her empire. Shall the policy of Cromwell or the absolutism of Louis XIV. dominate the world's future? Civilization's destiny hangs on the decision. Behold another crisis and its leader! William Pitt, clothed in the truth, the sincerity, the uprightness, of Cromwell, lays hands of mastery on America, and the world is the Anglo-Saxon's heritage. Another century elapses when internal strife shows a threatening front. But Lord John Russell patiently and firmly persists; the danger vanishes like a muttering thunderstorm, and Democracy's radiant sun bursts upon the gaze of astonished Europe.

The Puritanism of Cromwell had crossed the Atlantic, there to propagate and perpetuate its enduring principles. Full civil liberty was not yet come. The deadly parasite of slavery had fastened on the young republic. The shackles of the slave chafed on the conscience of the North. The protests of agitators angered the Southern heart. Could this nation exist, half slave, half free? The decision must be left to war. The

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continent reverberates with the mightiest struggle the globe has ever known. The strife is terrible, but the North prevails and liberty is no longer a half-truth. The heroic Lincoln seals with his blood the liberties of a multitude whose devotion to his immortal memory will be the measure and the guarantee of their continual advancement. Ah, Cromwell! dreamer of justice, of liberty, and of upright government, didst thou wear out that iron will and patient endurance that a martyr-president might proclaim a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people?" Didst thou foresee that if thou ledst the hosts of right to victory, they would march on to conquer all the world?

Cromwell and his policy were the indispensable factors of his age. Before him lay the herculean task of adapting a people to new and untried liberties. England's kings were a menace to country and to freedom. Charles I. was striving to set up in England the despotism of Richelieu. Behold, then, a people growing in political sagacity, in love of civil rights! Behold a people believing the nation as divinely ordered as throne or prince! They could not and they did not trifle with their despotic king. The true overthrew the untrue, and Charles Stuart paid the penalty with his life.

Let the twentieth century give ear to these threatened warnings of the seventeenth. Did the problem of civil liberty threaten society then? To-day the sullen strife between labor and capital bursts forth in riot, in the dogged struggle between miners and operators. Did they cut off a king's head for misrule? What of the government of our chiefest cities? Ah, no! human nature remains ever the same.

In the dawn of the 3d of September, 1650, the battle of Dunbar is raging. Charge meets charge; and steel smites steel, when across the German ocean, through the morning's mists, bursts the first gleam of the rising sun. Then with the cry: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered," Cromwell and his hosts rush like an avalanche to the overthrow of their

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enemies. The pursuit ends, and together commander and veterans chant their psalm of victory. To-day a like but vaster struggle engages every power. The wavering contest troubles all but dauntless optimists, who, inspired by the example of Cromwell, watch the happenings of the twentieth century, and as the sun of Righteousness bursts through the fading mists, they rush with the same war-cry into kindred battle to win a grander victory, and to justify the wisdom of God in committing His truth to men.

AT CONFESSION.

"WHEN did you last come to confession, my daughter?"

"I have never been to confession before," said a clear, soft voice.

The priest started; tried to glance through the orifice to which his ear had been inclined; but he saw only a kneeling figure, whose face was hidden.

"I had better tell you that I am not a Catholic, but I am very unhappy—in great trouble—and I thought if I might tell you, perhaps you would help me. Will you?"

"If I can, my daughter."

"I am an only daughter and an heiress. We were spending the winter in Rome! I met—him—first at a ball, and afterward almost everywhere. He contrived to be with us a great deal, especially in the galleries, where I was allowed to go alone, and where we often spent long mornings together painting. He loved me, yes. I was so happy that I hardly dared think of it.

"So the time went on in a sort of dream. One day the post brought a letter from a cousin who had been engaged for some months. She wrote that her fiance was in Rome, and begged that my father would invite him to come and see us. His name and address were those of the man I was going to meet.

"If I could only have gone away—have left Rome, so that I

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might never have seen him again; but to hear his voice and look into his eyes seemed as if it would be more pain than I could bear. Yet I dared not avoid him; I had betrayed myself too much, and now the one thing I hoped for was to show him that I had cared as little for him as he had for me. So I went, as I had intended, to my place in the gallery.

"When he joined me, I tried hard to speak and look as if nothing had happened; but he must have seen how my hand trembled. More than once I caught his eyes fixed on me. At last he threw down his brush and began to speak.

"He spoke of his engagement. He said he had believed he loved my cousin, but since he had known me it had become hateful to him. He had written to her that he could not carry it out; he implored me to forgive him for having won my love; but I would not listen. I broke into a torrent of cruel words. I told him he had never won my love, that I had only been amusing myself. I knew all the time that I was wrong, but I was mad with pain and rage. I finished by announcing carelessly that we were to leave Rome next day. He made one passionate appeal as I turned away, but I would not even look at him.

"That night I heard a slight noise at my window as if the leaves of a tree had swept across it. I listened; it came again, and then there was silence. I was not alarmed, for I knew that a large tree grew outside my room. The thought of fresh air came with a sense of relief to my strained nerves. I pushed open my window. I saw a human face. Before I could scream, a voice I knew only too well whispered my name, and burning words of love poured into my ear. He, my lover, had climbed into the tree, and was beginning again the pleading I had cut short in the morning. He swore again and again that he had striven to be true to my cousin, but had found the task beyond his strength. He implored me not to send him away without one word. He prayed for me not to destroy the sweetest memory of his life. Those words and looks mad-

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dened me. I tore out of his grasp; there was a horrible creaking sound, a snap, and then a sickening thud that told me he had reached the ground. Oh, God! I can hear it yet. I was stricken with horror for a moment; then I leaned out and called his name, but there was no answer. I was such a wretched coward that I did not dare to arouse any one; I loved my own good name better than his life, and I left him there to die! In the morning I stepped out into the sunshine, as I had done on so many happy mornings, and——"

"And——?"

"There was nothing; only a broken bough, and some blood on the grass. From that hour to this no tidings of the man I betrayed have ever reached me. If he is dead, I am his murderer.

"My father is very unhappy about me; he is growing old, and longs to see me settled before he dies. He is urging me to marry a man whom he knows he could trust with me."

"And do you love this man?"

"Oh, no, no; not as I loved the other. I like and esteem him; but how dare I become his wife with such a secret hidden in my heart? Tell me what I ought to do."

"Listen to me, my daughter. You take too gloomy a view. If your friend had been killed, or even seriously hurt, he would have been found. Is it not more probable that his injuries were but trifling and that, anxious, like yourself, to quit a place where he had suffered so much, he left Rome secretly and took means to prevent himself from being traced?"

"Then you think he may be still alive?"

"I think so—yes—decidedly."

"If I thought that, I would never marry any one else, for some day I might meet him again, and then—nothing—no promise, no tie could keep me from loving him still."

"That's an idea I cannot altogether approve," said the priest, hurriedly. "You have sinned—deeply, perhaps—but you, too, have repented—have suffered; now a path is open to you

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whereby you may prove your repentance by giving up your own will to that of others. Your first duty is to your father; obey him; then do your part faithfully and leave the rest to God."

"And if I should meet him again?"

"Our Heavenly Father does not lay on us more than we can bear. You will not meet him; or, if that were possible, you would have strength given you."

"And if I do my duty, as you say, may I feel forgiven?"

"Freely, entirely. Be comforted, my child; grieve no more for the past. Forget those days; or, if you ever think of—him—let it be only to remember how he would have bade you be brave and patient for his sake. Peace will come—it must come—at last to all."

"You will pray for me?"

"Until my life's end."

"And will you bless me, although I am not of your faith?"

The priest tried to utter the formula used to dismiss penitents, but his voice failed; he could only lay his hand in silence on the bowed head.

Then the girl rose and went softly away. But the priest had fallen on his knees, his face hidden on his arms, and in his heart was only one thought:

"She did love me, after all!"

THE WITCH-SONG.

JOHN BERNHOFF.

OF Hersfeld Convent the Prior spake:
"Our Brother Medardus grows old and weak;
Methinks he will hardly survive the day,
Up, Brother Confessor, haste thee away;
Go, bid him confess his sins to thee,
Though I know full well that few they be.

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He served us''tis fifty years to-day,
In these convent-walls his hair grew gray.
He is the holiest of us all,
Prepared to follow his Master's call."

The Confessor rapped at Medardus' door.—
Within 't remained silent as before,
He crossed the threshold with noiseless tread,
He entered the cell,—approached the bed;
And when the convent-bell was tolled,
Which the monks to benediction called,
They bent the knee, they bowed the head,
For Brother Medardus a prayer they said.
Oh, hark—in the distance,—what sounds of grief,
Like a soul in distress calling out for relief.
Then in at the door, as white as a sheet,
The Confessor rushed, with fearful feet.
"Medardus is of God forsaken,
Medardus writhes in the clutches of Satan!"

The Prior his holy candle lighted,
And a blessing from heaven on all invited.
The monks lit their candles; and, forming a choir,
They followed slowly behind the Prior.
From wall and ceiling re-echoing rang
The hymn which the monks and the Prior sang:
"From sinful lust, from Satan's power,
Preserve us, Almighty, from hour to hour!"

The cell was open—pale, haggard, half dead,
Lay Brother Medardus on narrow bed;
His hands were folded in prayerful fashion,
His staring eyes glowed with longing passion;
To his stammering lips the words would throng,
Endless and restless in savage song.
That song it told of hopes forlorn,

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Of languishing love, derision and scorn,
'Mid odors as wafted from Eden Bowers,
Teeming with breath from the soul of flowers.
The monks swayed their censers to and fro:
"Flee, Satan, the soul of this man of woe!"
But the more their censers they swayed and swung,—
The louder and wilder Medardus sung,
And deeper and deeper his weird words sunk
Into the soul of each listening monk.

The holy Prior, terror-bound,
With pallid cheek, he gazed around.
"Wouldst seduce the brothers with magic spell?
Then curse on thee, wizard, then fare thee to hell!"
Medardus then slow from his bed 'gan rise,
And a wondrous light shone forth in his eyes;
His far-off gaze seemed fondly captured
By a vision that held his soul enraptured.

"I, too, was a priest, as pious as ye,
And read with devotion my breviary;
I read it in awe, with heart aglow,
For hot thro' my young veins the blood did flow.
It was in those days when our suffering land
Writhed 'neath the power of Satan's band,
When women were led on to bawdry and shame
And witches were tortured with fire and flame.
One night a rapping came at my door.
'Come, priest!' I heard a voice implore.
The night was dark, 'twas the midnight hour,
They led me forth to the storm-racked tower.
'To the witch who to-morrow must burn at the stake,
Go in, young priest, in her heart awake
Holy thoughts of repentance, thy work do well,
And save her sinful soul from hell!'

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"I entered as into the vaults of death,
I clutched at my throat, I gasped for breath,
Low cowering I saw a shapeless heap;
A rattling of chains, and sobbing deep
Struck with terror my listening ear.
Was't some wild beast caught in its hidden lair?
'Twas a woman! Her face was sunk on her breast,
Her head to the damp, dank wall was prest.—
I fastened the torch to a ring, that hung
On a chain which down from ceiling swung.
I said: 'Turn to me thy face, sister dear,
And tell me thy sorrow, and have no fear!'

"She turned her head, my words to greet;
On her knees she crept to my feet,
Her naked arms enfolded my knee,
She fixed her questioning eyes on me.
I gazed on these features so young and fair,
Lit up by the torch-light's ruddish glare;
Nor could I subdue the heart-born sigh,
As the tears of pity rose hot in mine eye,—
And when she saw my tears falling fast,
Her arms around me she fondly cast.
'And canst thou weep still, dost weep for me,
As I love our dear Saviour, I love e'en thee!'

"Horror seized me at the words she spake:
'Think on my mission,—the hour,—the stake
Where to-morrow thy sinful body must burn,
From earthly thought thy spirit turn!'
She started in terror; her cheek grew wan.
'Why must I suffer,—say, what have I done?—
Nor father, nor mother—I ever have known,
Grandmother and I lived i' th' forest alone.
She gathered the herbs on hill and heath,
Saved many poor sufferers from pain and death.

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Grandmother they burnt;—their words were fell:
They said she was a witch from hell.
A song she sang I was wont to repeat,—
It sounded so weird,—so sad and so sweet.
She told me it came from distant lands,
Where love's deep magic the heart commands.
I sang it, nor its meaning did ken,
And they seized and imprisoned me, heartless men;
They cast me into this dungeon-cell;
They say I sing by the powers of hell,
That my song the heart to sin can inspire;
And to-morrow I'm doomed to die by fire.'

"Her bosom 'gainst mine own grew warm,—
'Oh save me,' she cried, 'save me from harm!
For life is so sweet, so bitter is death,
And cruel, oh, cruel, is fire's hot breath!
I never caused man nor beast a smart,
Nor soothed nor healed by witch's art.
The hearts of men are like stones, asleep;
But thou art good,—thou still canst weep!
The jailer sleeps, the door is free;
Come, let me flee, oh, flee with me!

"'We'll walk so softly, on tip-toe light,
No torch shall betray our secret flight,
The turret-door opens into the field,
We'll fly 'neath the darkness of night concealed;
And when the cocks in the morning crow,
Whither we've fled there's none shall know;
The forest is dark, the forest is dense,
I know a place, come, let us hence!
I know a place, I know a spot,
There lies a treasure long hid and forgot;
We'll seek it and find it, thou'lt bear it away,—
Oh, come, oh, come,—no longer stay.

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To some distant country let us flee,
Thou'lt live with me and I with thee!—
Thou ne'er hast prest a wife to thy heart,
Thou knowst not the bliss woman's love can impart,
Richer love on thee I'll bestow,—
Than mortal ever yet did know.
The stars they pale, 'twill soon be day,
It is time, it is time, come, let us away!'

"Her panting breath on my cheek was warm,
Round my neck she threw her soft, white arm
Her raven hair, like wings of night,
Half veiled her glorious limbs from sight—
My reeling brain,—my heart afire—
Writhed in the throes of love's ardent desire;
I bent me down, would kiss the maid,—
When shuddering, I felt a hand on me laid.
'Wouldst kiss the witch?—Know sin's reward:
Hast forfeited the grace of the Lord!'
My lips grew mute beneath the smart,
I hurled her from my beating heart,
Dread terror drove me from out the cell—
I heard her cry of despair, as she fell.
Onward I hastened, nor rested, nor slept,
On bended knee I prayed and I wept.

"The heavens one flaming pyre resembled,
The eager crowd in swarms assembled;
In a far-off field rose a mighty pyre,
Somber and dark, awaiting the fire.
The gazers e'en seemed to hold their breath—
And there she stood waiting her awful death.
Like storm-bound petrels tossed on the wind,
Her dark eyes roamed, but no rest could find;
Then I raised the crucifix on high,
And her searching gaze met my tear-fed eye;

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And gently,—lest those around should see,
She bowed her head,—she nodded to me,
And a smile lit up her features wan,
Like the fading light of the setting sun.
The hangsman lifted his torch on high,
Her languishing eye drank into mine eye;
The flames leapt up with a hissing blaze,
She held me spell-bound with her gaze;
The sparks flew up as from burning sheaves;
Her lips they trembled like falling leaves,
A sudden, a sudden, like bells set ringing,
'Mid the roaring pyre the maid 'gan singing!
Like night, pervaded by Spring's soft shower,
My soul was seized by that song's sweet power;
As 'mid odors wafted from Eden Bowers,
Teeming with breath from the soul of flowers,
It seemed like a voice in vain endeavor
To tell me of joys I had lost forever.

"The flames lapped her feet, her eyelids fell,—
She bowed her head in a last farewell;
The thick, black smoke around did close,—
Yet her pleading song through the smoke arose.
Roaring the flames darted up to heaven;
Like trembling bells I still heard that steven.
Though I covered mine eyes, I found no release:
That singing, that singing, when will it cease?
And since that day, for fifty years,
That self-same song,—rings in mine ears!"

Medardus rose up, wild fear in his eye:
"I hear her again, she draweth nigh!
Up the steps,—at the door, oh, do ye not hear?
She stops on the threshold—she's here,—she's here!
Oh! maiden pure, the world was the liar,
That called thee witch and branded with fire,

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Ye rosebud lips, soft eyes full of pity,
Ye playing limbs blossoming forth in beauty;
Sweet spirit of love, which 'twas mine once to cherish,
How could I forsake thee and leave thee to perish?
The path I had strayed from, once more I behold,
As the Gates of Heaven at thy coming unfold.
After fifty years' penance, my suffering is o'er,
I come to be with thee evermore!"

He stretched his limbs, he bowed his head—
"Medardus is dead!" the brothers said.
They knelt them down.
Thro' the windows brake the gray-eyed morn.
The Prior spake: "What no eye can see, no lips explain.
Up yonder is One, He will make it plain;
'Tis He hath said: 'Judgment is mine.'
Then judge not, brothers, go, pray at His shrine!"

JUDAS OF KERIOTH.

G. C. ALBORN.

IT is night. High up in the glorious heavens rides the full Passover moon. All in and about the crowded city the pilgrims, wearied with their long journeys and impressive celebrations, have sunk to sleep; some on the high housetops, some in the crowded khans, some in the frail tents and booths pitched about the gateway and on the surrounding hills. Far away to the east, at the foot of Olivet, a little band of pilgrims wanders among the olive trees, but no one notices them.

Through the deserted shadowy streets of the city there glides a shape like to the human form. It is a man, closely wrapped in his mantle and shrinking within himself. He stops

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at the gate of the High Priest's house. Can it be that he is a penitent sinner seeking peace? He hardly looks it.

He is admitted without challenge. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes elapse, and he reappears, but not alone; with him is another man, a priest. He walks now at the head of a miscellaneous rabble of temple-slaves, servants, and soldiers. They turn to the east. Rapidly and in silence they thread the mazy streets of the city till they emerge from the Sheep Gate. Then they proceed by winding paths through the trees till they overtake that little band of tired pilgrims at the foot of Olivet. As they approach, the pilgrims rise and face them. At the head of the little band is a man of perfect mold, clear piercing eye, magnificent physique, calm and collected bearing. The rabble recoil before his piercing gaze, but he whom we saw leading with the priest is not abashed. He steps forward and salutes the majestic pilgrim with a kiss.

"Hail, Master!"

"Judas," the voice is low and clear, sweet as the song of all the birds combined, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"

At a sign from their leader, the mob surround the pilgrims. There is a blow, a struggle, again the majestic voice advising submission; then the mob is away again and the pilgrims are scattered and fled. The garden is deserted save that he who led the rabble hither stands still beneath those old olives. A mighty sigh of relief bursts from his bosom; he speaks:

"Thank heaven, it is over! The deed is done! Now, O Messiah," he continues in a voice of mockery and scorn, "now, O King, let us see what will become of thee and thy kingdom! Ha! Ha! Ye Galilean fools! So ye will sit one at the right hand and the other at the left of the king in the day of his crowning? Ha! Let us see! Ye thought ye could trample upon the poor shepherd, Judas of Kerioth! Ye thought ye could spurn him to a lower place! Dolts! Fools! he is twice the man that ye are! Let us see ye now, O Galilean fisher-

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men! Ah! they thought I believed his lying words about the kingdom he was to set up! The fools! Did ever a king come as he has come? Had he offered me the place of counsellor, it might have been different. Then, we might have set up the old Maccabean kingdom and all Judah would have risen in support. But he chose a Galilean; he suffered them to take the highest places; he treated me like a dog; I bare the burdens; I was donkey for them all! Now, O proud Galileans! Now, O foolish Nazarene! ye will learn respect for the shepherd of Kerioth! Your kingdom is like to be a score square feet of the dungeons of Antonia yonder. (Surely the priests will not put him to death!!)—and there, O King of the Jews, mayest thou reign with thy accursed Galileans. Ha! ha! A noble kingdom! A fit kingdom! Ha! ha!!"

And through the olives and down the valley echoes that horrible mirth, till peak after peak sends it back in shrieks of fiendish laughter, as though the spectral shapes of the vale of Hinnom and the fiends of the air were rejoicing in the dastardly deed of this man's thwarted ambition. The man is silent a moment now, then he mutters:

"Caiaphas dare not do it! He has committed no crime that he may be put to death! Yet, now I bethink me, Caiaphas smiled strangely when I insisted that he must be only imprisoned; will the villainous priests dare kill him? They cannot; he will use his magic power to escape them, yet he did not use it to escape them just now. It must have left him. Can it be that I have betrayed an innocent man to death?"

He is silent again. His hand seeks the scrip at his belt. Now he draws forth a handful of jingling coin and bursts forth again:

"Ha! ye are highly valued, O King of the Jews! Thirty pieces of silver! Ha! Too much! Too much! I cheated the haughty priests, ha! ha!! He is not worth a quarter of the sum! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" rings out from the woods near at hand. 'Tis

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but an echo, but the guilty wretch starts and grasps tighter his scrip.

"Thou liest!" he thunders, "it is not the price of blood!"

"The price of blood!" shouts the angry echo, "the price of blood!"

Terrified beyond endurance, the guilty man gathers up his long robes and flees down the valley. And as he runs, the rushing wind shrieks in his ear, "Murderer! murderer! The price of blood! The price of blood!!"

Trembling, panting, exhausted, with a wild shriek, he falls to the ground and lies in stupor as of death.

Day is breaking low down in the east and shafts of rosy light are piercing the blue-black darkness of the Judean sky, when at length he rouses himself. Dazed and bewildered he looks about him.

"Where am I?" he mutters. "What has happened?"

Then, as his eyes drop, they fall upon the scrip; he puts it in his hand, and, with a shudder, draws forth a piece of silver. Like a flash of light a horrified expression dashes over his face. He throws up his arms with a gesture of despair.

"God of Israel! I have betrayed innocent blood! His blood is upon me! His blood is upon me forever. The curse of Cain is upon me! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He has fallen prostrate now; he lies there till the dawn has grown so bright that the sun may any moment touch the slopes of Olivet with golden light. Groaning and muttering, writhing and cursing, he seems like one possessed of a legion of demons.

Suddenly he springs up and dashes toward the city. With feverish haste he threads the winding paths toward the gates. He passes through them, and, quickening his pace, he darts along the rocky streets. The early risers start back in terror as through the dim light of the lower streets they see his woful figure dart past. Haggard and unkempt; his clothing torn and his face scratched by the bushes of the valley; breathless

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and wild-eyed; he looks so much like a specter that the honest burghers cry out:

"It is a ghost from the vale of Hinnom!"

He heeds them not, nor pauses, till he gains the gateway of the temple. Here the temple-servants try to stop him, but he bursts through them and stands before the amazed and startled priests. A moment he stands breathless, then taking the scrip from his belt he holds it out to the priests.

"Oh, I have sinned! I have sinned! The blood of the innocent is upon me! Take back your silver, O priests, for it is the price of innocent blood! He is innocent! Let him go! Take back your silver! God of Israel, I have betrayed innocent blood!"

The priests have recognized their strange visitor now, but it is not for them, having once entered on a course of action, to turn back, and they answer the guilt-crazed wretch before them with cold unconcern.

"That is nothing to us. Thou hast done what we asked and hast been paid. If thou hast sinned, it is thine own concern. See thou to that!"

"But I tell ye priests, he is innocent! His blood is upon me! Take back your silver and set him free! Make me not a murderer! He is innocent! Ye villain priests, take back your silver!!"

And, with a shriek as of deadly pain, he throws the scrip with its weight of guilty coin at the feet of Caiaphas, and rushes forth, shrieking:

"The curse of Cain! The curse of Cain!"

Down through the streets, now filling with people, he dashes blindly, muttering, cursing, shrieking; the terrified people, as they shrink back from his passage, cry out in horror:

"He hath a legion of devils!"

He bursts out of the city gates and flees as if pursued by some unseen foe to the olive groves in the valley of the Kidron. A friend tries to stop him, but he only yells, "I have betrayed

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the innocent! The curse of Cain is upon me!" and plunges deeper into the trees. And as he disappears from mortal view beneath the thick arches of the wood, the cry is borne back from his fleeting form:

"I have betrayed innocent blood! The curse of Cain!"

The next morning a peasant coming through the olive groves in the Kidron valley almost stumbles over a bloated, disfigured corpse. A fragment of a linen girdle, tightly knotted on his throat and another fragment on a limb overhead, tells the story. He has hanged himself, and the heavy body, swaying in the wind, has rubbed the girdle on a limb below until it has broken and the body falling, has burst asunder.

The peasant carries the news to the city, and before long a few stragglers, collected at the place, identify the body as that of Judas, the man of Kerioth.

SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.

WALTER ROTHWELL.

YVONNE stood dazed. Her husband gone to the prison; and from the prison to the guillotine was but a short journey. Her child, sleeping by the window, had wakened at the noise of the trampling and the voices, and now began to cry. Yvonne fell on her knees beside him, covering him with kisses.

All at once something attracted the boy. Yvonne looked to see what had taken his attention. She suddenly released the child, who ran across the room, where stood a tall, white-haired man clad in the discolored dress of a Republican soldier.

Yvonne shrank back at the sight of the uniform, but the man took the boy in his arms.

"My poor, poor girl," he said.

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"Father!"

"I saw him taken, my child; listen, this is no time for tears and sorrowing. We must act if we are to save Roland."

"Save Roland! Can we—can you save—do not raise my hopes, father. Can you, of all people, think that Lebon has mercy?"

"He? No. But Robespierre will sell a life for a life. It is I, the Marquis de la Mauriciere, they want. I escaped them, so Roland was marked down. He suffers for his father's loyalty; shall his father be less loyal to him than to the cause? My life is useless to the young king. Robespierre will buy it with Roland's freedom."

"Ah, no!"

"My child, I can trust no one but you, and I must not be taken, for my life is my son's. You must go to Paris, see Robespierre, plead with him. If that fails—denounce me; and when he gives you Roland's pardon, you shall tell him where I am hiding."

"No, no! I can not betray you; Roland would curse me; my child would learn to loathe me. See, I am brave, and can bear the agony of parting with my husband. He himself will die an honorable man. I shall bring up my child to reverence him; do not ask me to be the betrayer of his father."

"I command it. I am head of the family. Will you rebel against me, as this canaille has rebelled against its king? Think, if this child, your little Roland, were in danger, would you not give up your life for him?"

Yvonne involuntarily caught her baby from her father's arms, and pressed it to her bosom.

"Then you will go to Paris?"

"Yes—may God and Roland forgive me. I will go."

* * * * * *

"A woman, citizen."

"Her name?" asked Robespierre harshly.

"Yvonne Mauriciere, from Arras."

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"I will see her," and the Dictator's thin hand was laid on the pistol beside him.

Yvonne, pale and trembling, entered.

"Stand back, citoyenne. What is your business?"

"Ah, Citizen Robespierre, to plead for a life."

"You are from Arras, a Royalist town. It is useless."

"But Roland, my husband, is not a rebel. He is a good Republican. He merely gave a little bread to a priest who——"

"Priests! The worst of rebels. It is enough; who feeds the enemies of France shall feed the guillotine."

"But is it a crime to be punished with death? Think, citizen, a little bread to a starving man. And we can pay, if need be, any fine. Oh, not death!"

"It is decreed."

"Mercy, mercy."

Robespierre twitched his head impatiently.

"They told me that you were once merciful and pitiful, that in our very town once you would not sentence even a criminal to death, and now—now——"

"Now it is for France, and these are traitors. Come, come, citoyenne, I have no time; the convention waits."

"One moment, monsieur—stay. You will not give me my husband's liberty—I will buy it, then."

"Justice is not bought."

"But if I denounce to you an enemy—one you have long sought?"

"His name?"

"The Marquis de la Mauriciere."

Robespierre looked at her keenly. "Your husband's name is Mauriciere."

"He is Roland's father."

"Then Lebon did well. These Royalist families must be stamped out."

"But my husband is a Republican."

"Bah! Where is this traitor now?"

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"First, my husband's pardon."

At length Robespierre spoke, and his voice was softened:

"Citoyenne, you are a good patriot. The Republic, stern to rebels, can reward her daughters. You have denounced a traitor; France will give you a life in return. Where is the rebel hiding?"

"His son's pardon first."

"It is granted, citoyenne. Is he in Arras?"

"I would have the order for Roland's release."

"I have given you my word."

"My husband's life must not depend on a word, Citizen Robespierre."

"Bah! you—well, well, you shall have it." The Dictator took his pen—"7th Thermidor," he murmured, and wrote; then, folding the pardon, he passed it to Yvonne, who thrust it into her dress eagerly.

"Now, citoyenne."

She drew forth a slip of paper and handed it to him. Robespierre read, nodding his head.

"You are a good citoyenne," he said, "and shall convey the warrant for the rebel's arrest with that for his son's release."

Once more he wrote. "Give me the pardon again," he said.

Yvonne hesitated.

"Tut! it is only that you may not destroy the one and carry the other safely."

She gave it to him, and he placed both documents under cover, and sealed the packet with the seal of the Republic, One and Indivisible.

"If that seal is broken," he cried, harshly, "the pardon is useless. Go!"

* * * * * *

The road from Paris to Arras is over a hundred miles of flat country. Half mad with fear, Yvonne rode for her husband's life. Three days passed and she was only at Amiens, reeling in the saddle and but half conscious.

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On—on till she should fall to rise no more. Twenty miles now, only twenty. The cold breezes of morning cooled her hot, throbbing forehead. She saw in the distance the citadel of Arras. Ten miles more; within sight of the town she sank on the horse's neck.

She heard the rippling of a stream. Slipping from the saddle, she crawled to the brook and plunged in. The shock revived her.

As she climbed to the saddle again, she looked back. A single figure was in sight—a horseman, spurring furiously, feathers and sash flying, the sun gleaming on his scabbard. Yvonne gave a cry and urged her horse to the gallop. Mile after mile they raced, the citadel grew bigger and plainer; the houses could be clearly seen, and the crowds gathering in the streets.

The skeleton of the guillotine; the soldiers; the line of bare-headed, red-smocked prisoners; the thronging multitude—all come into view as she passed through the gates, and hark! the *Ca ira!* the death melody with which Lebon ushers his victims into the eternal silence!

Roland, her husband, stands fourth in the rank, and the great ax rushes down on the neck of the first.

She dashed into the crowd. "A pardon, a pardon!"

The seal is broken: one glance; Lebon laughs a fierce laugh. "Proceed," he cries, "it is unsigned!"

Yvonne sees the truth. Her almost superhuman toils have been in vain, and she falls into the outstretched arms of a citizen.

The crowd mutter; the *Ca ira!* rises triumphantly. Roland steps upon the planks, and turns to take a last farewell of his wife.

Another clatter of hoofs, and that other rider!

"Stop!" he cries. "Stop, in the name of the convention. Robespierre is dead!"

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"'Tis false!" shouts Lebon; "mount there—mount the ladder. The drums, strike up; the drums!"

"It is true. Robespierre, St. Just, Cuthon, Henriot—their heads are under the guillotine."

A cry of ferocious joy arises from the crowd; Lebon turns pale and wavers.

His power is gone; citizens, rushing to the prisoners, set them free. The Reign of Terror is over!

DEATH OF JEAN VALJEAN.

VICTOR HUGO.

[From "Les Miserables."]

Jean Valjean, an escaped convict, but a man of remarkable nobility of character, has given his adopted daughter, Cosette, in marriage to Marius Pontmercy and has bestowed upon her as dower practically his entire fortune. Marius, thinking that Valjean had stolen the fortune and also that he had murdered Javert, a gendarme of Paris, forbids Cosette's entertaining her foster-father in her new home, and Valjean is finally made to understand that his visits there are no longer welcome. As his love for Cosette has been for years his sole joy and the only bright spot in his gloomy life, the knowledge that she has turned from him fairly breaks his heart. In the meantime, Marius discovers that not only has he been misinformed as to Valjean's real character, but that he owes his life to this friend, who saved him at fearful cost. Overwhelmed by remorse, he takes Cosette; and, anxious to make atonement, hastens to the little room of his benefactor.

JEAN VALJEAN turned round at the knock which he heard on his door.

"Come in," he said feebly.

The door opened.

Cosette rushed into the room.

Marius remained on the threshold.

"Cosette!" said Jean Valjean. And he sat erect in his chair,

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his arms outstretched and trembling, haggard, livid, gloomy, an immense joy in his eyes.

"Father!" cried Cosette.

"Cosette! Madame! it is thou! thou art here! Thou dost pardon me then!"

Marius took a step forward and murmured between lips convulsively contracted to repress his sobs:

"My father!"

"And you also pardon me! Thanks."

Cosette tore off her shawl and tossed her hat on the bed. Seating herself on the old man's knees, she put aside his white locks and kissed his brow.

Jean Valjean stammered: "How stupid people are. I thought that I should never see her again. Imagine, at the very moment when you entered, I was saying to myself: 'All is over. Here is her little gown, I am a miserable man, I shall never see Cosette again,' and I was saying that at the very moment when you were mounting the stairs. One reckons without the good God. The good God says:

"'You fancy you are about to be abandoned, stupid! No, no, things will not go so. Come, there is a good man yonder who is in need of my angel!' And the angel comes, and one sees one's Cosette again! Ah! I was very unhappy.

"I really needed to see Cosette a little bit now and then. A heart needs a bone to gnaw. But I was perfectly conscious that I was in the way. I gave myself reasons: 'They do not want you; keep in your own course; one has not the right to cling eternally.' Ah! God be praised, I see her once more!"

And Cosette began again:

"Why have you stayed away so long? Do you know that you are very much changed? Stay, Marius, feel how cold his hand is!"

"So you are here! Monsieur Pontmercy, you pardon me!" requested Jean Valjean.

Marius's heart burst forth:

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"Cosette, do you hear? he has come to that! he asks my forgiveness! And do you know what he has done for me, Cosette? He has saved my life. He has done more—he has given you to me. And after having saved me, and after having given you to me, Cosette, what has he done with himself? He has sacrificed himself. Behold the man. And he says to me the ingrate, to me the forgetful, to me the pitiless, to me the guilty one: 'Thanks.' Cosette, my whole life passed at the feet of this man would be too little. Every courage, every virtue, every heroism, every sanctity he possesses. Cosette, that man is an angel!"

"Hush! hush!" said Jean Valjean in a low voice. "Why tell all that?"

"But, why did you not tell it to me? You save people's lives and you conceal it from them! You do more, under the pretext of unmasking yourself, you calumniate yourself."

"If I had spoken it would have caused embarrassment in every way."

"It would have embarrassed what?" retorted Marius. "Do you think that you are going to stay here? Ah! good heavens! when I reflect that it was by accident that I learned all this. You shall not pass another day in this dreadful house. Do not imagine that you will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow," said Jean Valjean, "I shall not be here, but I shall not be with you."

"What do you mean? You belong to us. We shall not loose our hold of you."

Cosette laughingly made a movement to lift the old man in her arms.

"Your chamber still stands ready in our house. If you only knew how pretty the garden is now!"

Jean Valjean listened. One of those large tears, which are the somber pearls of the soul, welled up slowly in his eyes.

"It is quite true that it would be charming for us to live together. I would walk with Cosette. She would make me eat

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her strawberries. I would make her gather my roses. That would be charming. Only——"

"Only what?"

"I am going to die presently."

"To die!"

"Yes, but that is nothing."

"Father! my father! You will live. You are going to live. I insist upon your living, do you hear?"

"Oh! yes, forbid me to die. Who knows? Perhaps I shall obey. I was on the verge of dying when you came. That stopped me; it seemed to me that I was born again."

"You are full of strength and life!" cried Marius. "Do you imagine that a person can die like this? You have had sorrow, you shall have no more. You are going to live, and to live with us, and to live a long time."

"Even if you were to take possession of me, Monsieur Pontmercy, would that make me other than I am? No, God has thought like you and myself and He does not change His mind; it is useful for me to go."

A noise became audible at the door. It was the doctor entering.

"Good-day and farewell, doctor," said Jean Valjean. "Here are my poor children."

The doctor felt his pulse.

"Ah! it was you that he wanted!" he murmured, looking at Cosette and Marius.

All at once Valjean rose to his feet. He walked with a firm step to the wall, thrusting aside Marius and the doctor who tried to help him, detached from the wall a little copper crucifix which was suspended there, returned to his seat and said in a loud voice, as he laid the crucifix on the table:

"Behold the Great Martyr."

Then his chest sank in, his head wavered, as though the intoxication of the tomb were seizing hold upon him.

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Cosette sobbed, "Father, do not leave us. Is it possible that we have found you only to lose you again?"

Jean Valjean took a fold of Cosette's sleeve and kissed it.

"He is coming back! doctor, he is coming back!" cried Marius.

"You are good, both of you," said Jean Valjean. His face paled and smiled. His breath sank, his glance grew grander. He made a sign to Cosette to draw near, then to Marius.

"Draw near, draw near, both of you. I love you dearly. Oh! how good it is to die like this! And thou lovest me also, my Cosette. Thou wilt weep for me a little, wilt thou not? Not too much. I do not wish thee to have any real griefs.

"My children, you will have me buried in the first plot of earth that you find, under a stone to mark the spot. This is my wish. No name on the stone. In the chest of drawers, there is a bank bill for five hundred francs. I have not touched it. It is for the poor. Cosette, dost thou see thy little gown yonder on the bed? dost thou recognize it? That was ten years ago, however. How time flies!

"Cosette, the time has come to tell thee the name of thy mother. She was called Fantine. Remember that name—Fantine. Kneel whenever thou utterest it. She suffered much. She loved thee dearly. She had as much unhappiness as thou hast had happiness. That is the way God apportions things. He is there on high; He sees us all, and He knows what He does in the midst of His great stars. I am on the verge of departure, my children. Love each other well and always. There is nothing else but that in the world; love for each other. Come still nearer. I die happy. Give me your dear and well-beloved heads, so that I may lay my hands on them."

Cosette and Marius fell on their knees, in despair, suffocating with tears, each beneath Jean Valjean's hands. Those august hands no longer moved. His white face looked up to heaven.

He was dead.

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DIES FOR THE FLAG AT LAST.

CLARE WALLACE FLYNN.

ADAM ROTH, brought to his window by the call of drums and fifes, raised his eyes to the cloudless Spring sky. He was old. He was poor. His whole personality marked him as a failure. He went and stood beside the bed. On it was laid the full uniform of a zouave, discolored with the smoke of many battles, ragged and worn with the stress of weary marches. Near one shoulder a faded stain spoke of a wound received at Alexander.

Adam passed his hand over the uniform with a caressing touch. Dan, the brave brother who had first donned it in '61, who had worn it on every Memorial Day since the first, had gone to the great "Assembly." And Adam! *He* had been a *coward!*

Again the rat-a-tat of the drums. They separated all the chaff of his life from strange, burning prayer, that he might, only once, go forth in the uniform of the country he loved, to march behind the flag he had failed to protect, to be an American soldier! And almost before he realized it, he was hurrying into the uniform.

"There, now, Dan's gone, but you shall go out into the sunlight as you always have, and the people will cheer when you come along. And I shall be there, marching in Dan's place. I shall be there where I should have been long ago, with the men who fought for their flag—their flag. Oh, my God! I love it as much as they did! I've made a mistake! Every boy in those days may have had his moment of weakness. Even Dan may have known this moment. But I never tried to conquer my terror at the thought of going into battle. My life is gone, but I want to march behind the flag just once."

Adam hurried into the street. At the corner he was brought to a stop. The crowd fell back at sight of his uniform.

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The parade was passing. A space, a lull, then a fife-and-drum corps swung up the avenue. Adam grasped his gun with nervous fingers. The thinning lines of veterans followed. Rusty, dusty, and old, they marched along, and in their midst the flags, nothing but shreds of silk, riddled and shot away until only a few brave ribbons remained clinging to their staffs. Hats were lifted as they passed, and above "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" rose a cheer. They were the zouaves.

Adam stepped into the street and swung into line. The man next to him glanced in his direction, and his face whitened. Dan Roth! Surely old Dan Roth was dead! The whole Post had heard of it nearly a year ago. Who was this pale zouave who had Dan's form, Dan's head, Dan's features? The veteran, under the influence of a strange fear, moved farther from Adam.

On they went. The rhythm of marching feet, the stirring music, the fluttering handkerchiefs, and the ripple of applause all lent their enchantment to this stolen hour. Adam Roth's years were dropping from him; his eyes flashed with the long-denied fire of enthusiasm. The order for "Rest!" rang down the street. He let his gun rattle to the pavement, and tightened his red sash. There was something so human in this gesture that his neighbor came closer to him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Dan Roth's brother."

Suddenly he felt a handshake. The veteran meant to be his friend. The command of "Forward, march!" came and they were off once more, this time flashing triumphant, into Riverside Drive. They were to stop at the Soldiers' Monument for Memorial Day exercises, the zouaves to constitute a guard of honor.

Finally Adam found himself on the approach to the monument. Beside him stood the color-bearer, holding aloft the tattered glory of the regiment. It seemed that the poor shreds of silk had twined themselves tenderly around his heart in

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divine forgiveness for his denial of them in the days gone by. The words of the orator floated on the quivering air, and the cannon boomed from the gunboat in the river. Adam was aflame with the spirit of devotion; the darkened lamp of patriotism had been lighted anew in him, and in the whole world there was nothing else. Presently his eyes fell upon a man among the crowd. Rage, wild, unreasoning rage at fate, cried out from all his features. His eyes, too, were fastened on all that was left of the flag.

The ceremonies were drawing to a close. A bugler stepped forward and played the first bar of the "Star-Spangled Banner." There was a shout, a sudden movement of the crowd to get a little nearer. Adam saw the man directly facing the flag, his face dark with an immeasurable hatred. The people were singing now. The man laughed, his hand went to his pocket. Adam took a step nearer the standard-bearer. Those smoky, stained old shreds of silk must not feel a wound from the hand of a disloyal son.

The man's arm shot out. Something gleamed in the sunshine, something sang in the air above the words "in triumph shall wave," and an old zouave stumbled and fell forward upon the white stones.

* * * * * *

The commander of the Post lifted the head of the fallen man. A zouave, standing near, said:

"He pushed in front of Peterson, sir, just as that scoundrel fired. He tried to grasp the flag, sir. I guess he saw what the fellow aimed at."

"Who is he? He is not one of my men."

The old zouave took his ragged cap from his head.

"He was Dan Roth's brother. He was the boy who wouldn't join in '61. But to-day he—he——."

The old man knelt beside Adam. Just below the dim stain on the shoulder of Dan's jacket there was a new, fresh one. The heart that lay beneath it was at peace.

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ULF IN IRELAND.

[A. D. 790]

CHARLES DE KAY.

"WHAT then, what if my lips do burn
Husband, husband;
What though thou see'st my red lips burn,
Why look'st thou with a look so stern,
Husband?

"It was the keen wind through the reed,
Husband, husband:
'Twas wind made sharp with sword-edge reed
That made my tender lips to bleed,
Husband."

"And hath the wind a human tooth,
Woman, woman?
Can light wind mark like human tooth
A shameful scar of love uncouth,
Woman?"

"What horror lurks within your eyes,
Husband, husband?
What lurking horror strains your eyes,
What black thoughts from your heart arise,
Husband?"

"Who stood beside you at the gate,
Woman, woman?
Who stood so near you by the gate
No moon your shapes could separate,
Woman?"

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"So God me save, 'twas I alone,
Husband, husband!
So Christ me save, 'twas I alone
Stood listening to the ocean moan,
Husband!"

"Then hast thou four feet at the least,
Woman, woman!
Thy Christ hath lent thee four at least,
Oh, viler than four-footed beast,
Woman!"

"A heathen witch hath thee unmanned,
Husband, husband!
A foul witchcraft, alas, unmanned:
Thou saw'st some old tracks down the sand,
Husband!"

"Yet were they tracks that went not far,
Woman, woman;
Those ancient foot-marks went not far,
Or else you search the harbor bar,
Woman.

"It is not yours alone that bleed,
Woman, woman;
Smooth lips not yours may also bleed,
Your wound has been avenged with speed,
Woman!"

"What talk you so of bar and wound,
Husband, husband?
What ghastly sign of sudden wound
And kinsman smitten to the ground,
Husband?"

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"I saw your blood upon his cheek,
Woman, woman;
The moon had marked his treacherous cheek,
I marked his heart beside the creek,
Woman!"

"What, have you crushed the only flower,
Husband, husband!
Among our weeds the only flower?
Henceforward get you from my bower,
Husband!

"I love you not; I loved but him,
Husband, husband!
In all the world I loved but him;
Not hell my love for Breen shall dim,
Husband!"

He caught her by her jet-black hair;
Sorrow, sorrow!
He bent her head back by the hair
Till all her throbbing throat lies bare—
Sorrow!

"You knew me fiercer than the wolf,
Woman, woman;
You knew I well am named the wolf;
I shall both you and him engulf,
Woman.

"Yet I to you was always kind,
Woman, woman;
To serpents only fools are kind;
Yet still with love of you I'm blind,
Woman.

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"I'll look no more upon your face,
Woman, woman;
These eyes shall never read your face,
For you shall die in this small space,
Woman!"

He laid his mouth below her chin,
Horror!
That throat he kissed below the chin
No breath thereafter entered in:
Horror, horror!

TOMMY'S GIRL.

HELEN PARKER.

ON sultry, stifling nights—with lightning all around the edge of heaven—I get to thinking of Tommy Arnold.

Tommy was the youngest in the regiment, and looked younger. He got into a way of whimpering in his sleep and waking up with a sudden start.

"I'm afraid, that's what I am!" he'd say.

"Oh, no, you ain't," I'd assure him.

War isn't dress-parade and the grand review; it isn't the full regiment marching away on a sunny morning under the new, unsoiled flag. It's the forced march, and a sour blanket on the wet ground; it's hunger and sickness, and the ghastly silences at roll-call.

"I'm—I'm afraid! Something's gone wrong with my arms—I can't shoot straight any more. The gun's so heavy! I'm afraid of those bullets! I'm afraid of being left on the field—all alone! I'm a coward, that's what I am, a coward! I wish I was home."

Such times he'd sit up on his blanket and take from the bosom of his ragged shirt a gold locket and lie down again with it in his thin hand, and sleep so.

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It was a hot and stifling night. The Coward had fallen into a jerky sleep. I hear it yet—nights—the call; the clank, clank of guns; the rumble of thunder, the orders muffled, staccato; the men falling into line; the march. *How tired* we were! I wade through swamps. I hear the rushing river; I see the magical building of the bridge in flashes of lightning; I hear the hurrying feet, the bridge blown into heaven. I see the black wall of the fort; I reach my hands into the darkness, and then——

Well—we scaled that wall like monkeys.

After the mad pandemonium there were twenty of us left. In the gray morning we found him, Tommy, the Coward, wrapped in the flag, shot to pieces, smiling through his curls; and there, kneeling beside his body, I opened the locket. It was a girl—and what a girl! I caught my breath—the sort of woman a man would follow around the world to win.

Finally we were mustered out.

I came at last to a little, old town straggling along on two sides of a "Main Street," that began and ended in a dusty country road. Every one wanted to tell me where Tommy lived alone with his mother. She was waiting at the broken gate. She had seen me coming down the road.

"Tommy?" she said, in a broken voice—"Tommy?"

"He—was very brave," I said.

"Tell me! tell me all!" and I told her.

"You say he was brave."

I assured her that he died for the flag, and that it was buried with him.

"He was always frail," she said; and sat looking out of the window, seeing, not the dusty street of the insignificant little town, but Tommy, the weeks he had croup and measles and whooping-cough, and the night he nearly died with diphtheria.

At the door I said, "There was a girl——"

"A girl?" Her face whitened. "A girl, you say? I never knew it—was she—a—good girl?"

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"Oh, yes, I'm sure of it! I know she was good as she was beautiful."

"I don't see where it could have been. He never spoke of it. Oh—perhaps it was when he went away to school. I sent him to school for a year. Yes—I remember now he seemed somehow different, afterward."

"I have her picture here. Perhaps you would like to see it." And I put the locket into her shaking fingers.

She turned from me and limped over to the window.

"You—think he loved her?" she asked hoarsely.

"Yes, I know he did." A little sob broke from her, and I cursed myself for a thief that had robbed a woman of her dead son.

"Thank you," she said, clutching the locket.

"You don't know where I would find her?"

"You didn't know me, and I don't blame you. I've aged terribly since—he—went away—with rheumatism—and worry—and not being able to sleep. Before that he never could see that I was growing old, Tommy couldn't. Tommy always called me his girl. He was an awful boy—for his *mother*."

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

THOMAS FRANCIS MARSHALL.
[1801—1864]

IT does appear to me that, if the loftiest among the lofty spirits which move and act from day to day in this [Congressional] hall, could hear the tales I have heard and see the men I have seen, restored, by the influence of a thing so simple as the temperance pledge, from a state of the most abject outcast wretchedness to industry, health, comfort, and, in their own emphatic language, to "peace," he could not withhold his countenance and support from a cause fraught with such actual blessings to mankind. I have heard unlettered

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men trace their own history on this subject through all its stages, describe the progress of their ruin and its consequences, paint without the least disguise the utmost extent of degradation and suffering, and the power of appetite, by facts which astonished me—an appetite which triumphed over every human principle, affection and motive, yet yielded instantly and forever before the simple charm of this temperance pledge. It is a thing of interest to see and to hear a free, bold, strong-armed, hard-fisted mechanic relate, in his own nervous and natural language, the history of his fall and his recovery; and I have heard him relate how the young man was brought up to labor, and expecting by patient toil to support himself and a rising family, had taken to his bosom in his youth the woman whom he loved—how he was tempted to quit her side, and forsake her society for the dram-shop, the frolic, the midnight brawl—how he had resolved and broken his resolutions, till his business forsook him, his friends deserted him, his furniture seized for debt, his clothing pawned for drink, his wife broken-hearted, his children starving, his home a desert, and his heart a hell. And then, in language true to nature, they will exultingly recount the wonders wrought in their condition by this same pledge: "My friends have come back—I have good clothes on—I am at work again—I am giving food and providing comforts for my children—I am free, I am a man, I am at peace here. My children no longer shrink cowering and huddling together in corners, or under the bed, for protection from the face of their own father. When I return at night they bound into my arms and nestle in my bosom. My wife no longer with a throbbing heart and agonized ear counts my steps before she sees me, to discover whether I am drunk or sober—I find her now singing and at work."

On my conscience, sir, I speak the truth when I say that, if, by taking this pledge, it would bring back one human being to happiness and virtue, no matter what his rank or condition, recall the smile of hope, and trust, and love, to the cheek

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of one wife, as she again pillowed it in safety, peace, and confidence upon the ransomed bosom of her reclaimed and natural protector, send one rosy child bounding to the arms of a parent whence drunkenness had exiled it long, I would dare all the ridicule of all the ridiculous people in the world, and thank God that I had not lived in vain. And, sir, I have had that pleasure.

Think not, sir, think not that I feel myself in a ridiculous situation, and, like the fox in the fable, wish to divide it with others, by converting deformity into fashion. Not so; by my honor as a gentleman not so. I was not what I was represented to be. I had, and I have shown that I had, full power over myself. But the pledge I have taken renders me secure forever from a fate inevitably following habits like mine—a fate more terrible than death. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference to its only effect upon me, my mind, my heart, my body, I would not exchange for all earth holds of brightest and of best. No, no, sir; let the banner of this temperance cause go forward or go backward—let the world be rescued from its degrading and ruinous bondage to alcohol or not—I for one shall never, never repent what I have done. I have often said this, and I feel it every moment of my existence, waking or sleeping. Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations—the mere sense of animal being which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning—the sweet repose it yields him at night—the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature;—I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man—the sense of renovated youth—the glad play with which my pulses now beat healthful music—the bounding vivacity with which the life-blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame—the communion high which my healthful ear and eye

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now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God—the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky—the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of earth, the music of the air and the waters—with all the grand associations of external nature, reopened to the fine avenues of sense;—no, sir, though poverty dogged me—though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed—though want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day; not for the brightest and the noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow—not, if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon rather, sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and all that earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and the horrors which once beset my path:—so help me heaven, sir, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, poor, but sober.

AMERICA'S COMING GREATNESS.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

STANDING here amid the sacred memories of the first century, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask: Will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane; I believe there is more human kindness, and a greater desire to help one another, than in all the world besides.

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine—the telegraph—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. There will be grander things; there will be wider and higher culture—a grander standard of character, of literature and art.

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We have now half as many millions of people as we have years. We are getting more real solid sense. We are writing and reading more books; we are struggling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal Sphinx. We are looking in every direction—investigating; in short, we are thinking and working.

The world has changed. I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes were filled with tears, I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence, that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children—standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he were white and worth a million.

All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men. Liberty: Give to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain. Fraternity: Every man in the right is my brother. Equality: The rights of all are equal. No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men. The Declaration of Independence has at last been carried out in letter and in spirit. The second century will be grander than the first. To-day the black man looks upon his child and says: The avenues of distinction are open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath. We are celebrating the courage and wisdom of our fathers, and the glad shout of a free people, the anthem of a grand nation, commencing at the Atlantic, is following the sun to the Pacific, across a continent of happy homes. We are a great people. We have better homes, and more of the conveniences of life than any other people upon the face of the globe. The

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farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have given us all. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the obligation—who has the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.

RIDE TO CHEROKEE.

AMELIA WALSTEIN CARPENTER.

IT'S only we, Grimalkin, both fond and fancy free,
So do your best, my beauty, for a home for you and me;
For you the oats and leisure, for me the pipe and book,
With sometimes, just at sunset, the long gray eastward look.
For once there was another: ah, Kathrine! who shall say
What wilful fancy seized you that sunny summer day;
You turned and nodded, smiling as you went gayly by,
And the man who strolled beside you had a braver front than I;
It meant a day's undoing, a night's black watch for me,
And this mad ride, Grimalkin, to-day for Cherokee.

The great crowd forges forward, like fire in fury blown,
Each urging to the utmost, and God help him that's down,
Shoulder to shoulder rising like shapes in horror cast,
And my good mare a-flashing a star along the blast;
So—so—my brave Grimalkin, it's home for you and me
If we ride the distance safely to the line in Cherokee:
We'll pass our lives together,—you'll have a stall with me,
And a blanket—if we win it—in the home in Cherokee.

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There's one that's riding with us, with many a good steed
passed,
Look well, little Grimalkin, or you're left, too, at the last;
He's singing as he's riding with his brave and gallant air,
With the fierce light falling hotly on his face and yellow hair.
A rush—a shout; he's falling; God help the man that's down
As the wild steeds thunder onward, on the hard earth baked
and brown.
On, on; and look, Grimalkin! we're safe, 'tis victory!
We'll stake the claim and hold the home, here in the Cherokee.

And he that fell! a breath space I saw his glazing eyes
As he lay staring upward into the dust-filled skies:
Eyes one star-flash of memory told me I'd met before,
Eyes that a woman's loving would brighten nevermore.
And fancy flung me backward, from that madding rush and
whirl,
To an old Long Island garden and a violet-laden girl;
Ah, well, he stole my treasure, my sweetheart's heart, from
me,—
God rest him! I'm the victor, to-day in Cherokee!

HOW DOROTHY SAVED THE COACH.

JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

OVER a hundred years ago, one wild November day, Dorothy stood before the window. The trees were tossing their bare, brown arms with sigh and groan that sounded like human woe. The rain poured unceasingly, dashing this way, and that, impelled by winds that had gone mad. Dorothy peered out anxiously through the gathering gloom.

Why had father, mother, brother and cousin not come? They were to have reached home by noon, and now night was come. Could they have met with accident? And the morrow

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was Thanksgiving! Would it be a day of mourning instead of joy?

She flung the window up and thrust head and shoulders far out into the rain, and listened eagerly for the rumble of the old coach, or the crack of the driver's whip; but nothing could be heard but the voices of the storm.

Dorothy flew out of the room, through the long hall, down the stairs to the kitchen, where Hannah and Jane, housemaids, were preparing for the morrow's feast. They were talking in low, serious tones that ceased as Dorothy entered. She looked searchingly from one face to the other.

"O Hannah, if you know anything, tell me! I have a right to know, for it is my father and mother and brother and cousin who are in danger."

Hannah, sorely pressed, daring not to tell a falsehood, answered, piously, but evasively:

"I feels sartin sure the good Lord won't never let no harm come upon dear master or mistress, nor upon the children He Himself have gave unto them for to rear in His fear, and for to be an honor to His name."

"O Hannah, Hannah!" cried Dorothy, "that isn't telling me anything; and I believe you have heard something; and won't let me know. Answer me. Have you heard that they are in danger? Or that — that — something — has — already — happened?"

Hannah now broke down completely.

"Tell me quick! quick!" cried Dorothy, unable to bear the suspense.

"Miss Dorothy, John do say how as the roads was bad indeed. But don't you worry, dear."

Voices were heard at the door. John, coming in from milking, had been met by his boy, whom Hannah had secretly sent to the tavern for news. Not dreaming Dorothy was within hearing, they spoke in unguarded tones. She learned that a

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bridge a mile away was already badly damaged, and in danger of being swept off at any moment.

Dorothy's first thought, on recovering from faintness, was that something must be done. But what? What should she do? The bridge must be lighted, and without a moment's delay. Some one must go. Who could get there quickest? Like lightning came her decision. She ran to the closet, snatched a cloak, tied on a hood, and, flinging off her slippers, got into heavy shoes. Taking a staff and lantern, she went fearlessly out.

How dark it was, and how the rain dashed into her face! How the wind shrieked, and buffeted her, and tugged and strained at her clothing! How wildly the great trees tossed their arms!

She stopped, uncertain which way to go. It was a mile to the bridge by the highway; but, if she could go across the field, over the hill and through the meadow, it would be but half that distance. Should she try it?

She hesitated a moment, then, mingled with the voices of the storm, arose the cry: "O God, dear God, help me to save them! Show me the way! give me strength and give me speed!" and she turned resolutely from the highway and entered the lonely field.

How the rain blinded and bewildered her! How the winds howled in her ears! She plodded on, with heavy, drenched clothing and soaking feet, on through darkness and storm. She sank to her ankles in cold, miry pools; but still she toiled on.

At last, when the noisy voices of the wind were lulled for a moment, she caught the angry roar of the stream, and knew that the bridge was near. Oh, could it be that she was too late?—that they had got there before her?

At last, at last, the bridge was gained! Eagerly she held the lantern high. Oh, joy! joy! Oh, God be thanked! The bridge was still there, broken and frightfully swaying though

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it was; but, surely, surely, she was not too late. How strong she felt! How joyously throbbed the heart that a moment before had almost ceased to beat!

She stepped upon the trembling bridge. It might be swept away any moment. How the old timbers shook, and swayed! How deafening the roar of the waters!

Crash! The planks seemed flying from under her feet, and the whole structure swayed violently. She sprang back dismayed. A tree had been swept against the bridge. Curiously it turned and writhed; and, like human arms, its branches grasped and strained whatever offered resistance, until plank after plank had been ripped away, and the heavy timbers were splintered and cracked and wrenched aside. Alas, to reach the opposite bank was now impossible, for half of the stream lay open. What could she do? Nothing was left but to wait, to pray, to hope and to fear.

Hark! Was that—no!—yes!—could it be? It was!—it was! It was the crack of James's whip! The rumble of the old coach! Oh, would they see her light and know that danger was before them? Oh, would they be saved? More distinct grew the familiar sounds. They were coming rapidly; she could hear James urging the weary beasts forward. Oh, would he see what was before them in time?

"God help me to do it!" she suddenly cried, and bounded upon the tottering wreck. Her feet flew over the unsteady planks until the open water was reached. Alas! even then, the lantern did not send its warning rays far enough. Oh, if she could throw the light just a little farther!

"I will! I will!" she cried. The shaking beam before her, from which the planks had been torn, was half submerged; but she stooped bravely forward over the raging waters, clasping it with one hand, still painfully, and with almost superhuman strength, managing to hold up the lantern with the other hand, and drew herself forward, bit by bit, until her

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breast rested upon the beam; the mad waters almost on a level with her form, their deafening roar close in her ears.

She clung desperately to the quivering beam, and in another instant was aroused from her bewilderment by a loud, ringing shout; then mingled voices greeted her ears.

Her light had been seen in time. James, by powerful effort, had pulled the horses back. They were safe! safe! and Dorothy, brave, loving little Dorothy, had saved them!

CORRECTION OF BENNIE.

J. T. Bishop.

WITHIN twenty minutes after the summons Mrs. Casey was there.

People sent for Mrs. Casey without hesitation. When Mrs. Casey was called to the assistance of Mrs. Rodney, she knew only too well that it was Bennie who was the moving cause of all the trouble. Her suspicions were correct. She herself had more than once informed Reverend Fletcher that Bennie was a child of the "divil."

"Oh, it's Bennie that's in trouble, Mrs. Casey," sobbed Mrs. Rodney. "Somebody's always picking on the poor child—as good a child as ever was. An' he's got a temper of his own, Mrs. Casey, an' you can't blame him for that. An' these officers have all got it in for him, an' they pick him up for little or nothing."

"Have ye ever spanked the little raskill for his carryin's-on?" asked Mrs. Casey.

"Span—what? Why, Mrs. Casey, Bennie has never been corrected in his life!"

"Faith, thin."

"I do not believe in correcting children. It breaks a child's spirit; and I wouldn't have Bennie's spirit broken for anything! I have always reasoned with Bennie, an' I find I can do a great deal more with him than if I appealed to brute force."

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"Think o' that!" said Mrs. Casey.

"Bennie has always been influenced by kindness."

"Sure, an' I can see that."

"But the poor little fellow has such high spirits. He was playing with that odious little Marks boy, who is not his equal in any way. He was not fighting him, but Bennie is quite an athlete, and you should hear the story they have cooked up about it! And this morning he has to go to the Juvenile Court to be tried. And I can't go, you know how little strength I have, and I thought if you would go and do the best you could for him——"

"I'll do all o' that," agreed Mrs. Casey with amiable readiness. "At what hour? Tin, is it? Don't you worry, Bennie an' me'll git along fine."

"I knew you would go, Mrs. Casey. I knew you would go there with Bennie and act as though you were his mother. You've always been my best friend, Mrs. Casey. I can turn Bennie over to you, and be free from every care."

"You can do that," said Mrs. Casey with conviction.

Wherefore it was that half an hour later Mrs. Casey and Bennie, being among the early arrivals, had pushed past the group of officers clustered around the door of the outer office, had found their dubious way into the court-room, groped for seats, taken possession of them, and were sitting in the midst of the women who were talking in subdued whispers. With every woman was a boy. Doubtless every boy was more or less comforted by the nearness of his mother. Some of them had been there often enough to know that the bolt of justice never fell as fast or hard when it had to pass first through the heart of one of those shabby, work-worn mothers.

It was Mrs. Casey's first visit to the Juvenile Court and her excitement was far greater than Bennie's. He kicked the chair in front of him, trying to see how near he could come to kicking the legs of the boy who was sitting in that chair. When that pleasure was taken away by the boy moving to the other

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side of the room, Bennie found a pin in the collar of his shirt, carefully bent it into proper shape, and laid it in the vacant chair, in the hope that the boy might come back. After that he wondered audibly when the old "skeesicks" was going to turn on the lights. When the lights were finally turned on, however, a small, seraphic creature sat beside Mrs. Casey.

"Oyez, oyez, oyez!" called one of the court officers. "The children's section of the honorable Juvenile Court is now convened. God save the State and this honorable court!"

Mrs. Casey was deeply impressed with the ancient order of words, and Bennie hoped that he would be the very last one called. He liked to see the other boys catch it good and heavy. He had seen boys get to crying, and howl dismally, in this court-room, and then he wriggled with glee. As for himself, nothing was going to be done with him. He had been here often before, and nothing had been done with him, except that he had been lectured,—who cared for that? He had gone outside and wriggled his fingers at the unsuspecting Judge when it was over.

"James O'Neill!" Ah, here came James, his mother with him. What had James been doing now? "Jumping a street-car." The Judge looked at James piercingly.

"Jumping on a car, eh? And on the danger side, too? See here, my boy, that won't do. Sell papers? But you didn't have any papers that time? No, I thought not! You know, I'm in the habit of fining boys when they ride on street-cars that way. Got a dollar and a half with you that you don't need? Or would you rather give it to your mother? Oh, you would! Well, I'm going to let you go this time, but you've got to apologize to the officer for troubling him and promise not to jump the cars on the danger side any more."

Mrs. Casey was fascinated by the Judge, but Bennie's look of disgust was pitiful to see. What a muff was this!

One after another the boys were called, and had the gentlest things done to them.

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"Benjamin Rodney!"

Bennie arose, and moved toward the long table with something of a swagger. Close behind him came Mrs. Casey, sternly resolved on being a mother to that young limb while she had the opportunity.

"Are you this boy's mother?" asked the Judge.

"The saints be praised, I am not!"

"Are you—are you related to him in any way?"

"I am his mother's best friend, an' me name is Casey. She couldn't come; she's an invalid."

"Well, Bennie, here you are again," said the Judge, with an uncanny memory of every boyish countenance that had ever come his way. "How many times is this? On the tenth of January you were brought up for being caught with a pistol, remember that? You promised to be a good boy, and I let you go. Then in March, you were brought up for car-jumping, a very aggravated case. The officer barely saved your life. That time I put you on probation. Then you played with other boys in a vacant house, and you cut the screens to pieces. That time I had to fine you; but, of course, that amounted to fining your mother, and she isn't able to pay fines. Then in June you broke the red lanterns the workmen had hung over a brick-pile—another fine for your mother to pay. Well, officer, what about this case?"

"I was turnin' out o' Calliope Street into Baronne, yer Honor, an' I seen folks a-runnin', an' when I looked there was this boy had that little Marks boy down, an' was sluggin' 'im for all he was wort'. I run, an' pulled 'im off, an' he called me names somethin' shameful; an' the little Marks kid was bleedin' at the nose an' his head was cut."

"So this time, Bennie, you have been fighting in the streets. You fought a boy who was smaller than you, and when the officer arrested you, you were impertinent to him."

"I never said nothin' to him," said Bennie. "An' I was jest playin' with the kid."

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Mrs. Casey sat still. There was a glint in her eyes.

"What do you think should be done with this boy, Mrs. Casey?" asked his Honor. "Is his mother able to pay more fines?"

"She is not."

"He helps her a little with his small earnings, I understand. So it would be a hardship on her to send him to the Waif's Home; and probation has done him no good. Mrs. Casey, does this boy ever receive corporal punishment?"

"He does not. His mother is influencin' him wid kindness."

"I thought so. What he needs is the strong hand, well laid on."

"That's what I bin thinkin' mysilf, sor, but his mother's an invalid."

"Mrs. Casey, could you——"

Bennie was at that moment making a face at the officer who had captured him. When Mrs. Casey sat down, he supposed the show was over, and made ready to leave.

With one sweep of her arm, Mrs. Casey had him across her knees. He uttered a howl of terror, and called on all his gods at once, but it was in vain.

When the job was done, thoroughly, satisfactorily, Mrs. Casey led the howling Bennie back to the chairs.

"Now set there and cool off," she instructed him. He dropped into a chair from which he sprang with a mighty howl. He had sat on his own bent pin!

"Now see here, Bennie," said his Honor, "you are going to behave, are you?"

"Yes, s-s-ir," sobbed Bennie.

"If you should have to be brought back——"

Bennie raised awe-filled eyes.

"We'll just send for Mrs. Casey," said the Judge.

And Mrs. Casey led a chastened and repentant Bennie from the Juvenile Court-room.

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AMERICA'S DESTINY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

[From speech delivered at Chicago, Sept. 25, 1900.]

THE argument of destiny is the master argument in the hour of destiny, and it should be so. The American people never yet entered on a great movement for merely mercantile reasons. Sentiment and duty have started and controlled every noble current of American history. And at this historic hour destiny is the controlling consideration in the prophetic statesmanship which conditions require of the American people.

Every progressive nation of Europe is seeking lands to colonize and governments to administer. Can this common instinct of the most progressive peoples of the world—this common conclusion of the ablest statesmen of other nations—be baseless?

The Filipinos must begin at the beginning and grow in the knowledge of free institutions, and, if possible, into the ultimate practice of free government, by observing the operation of those institutions among them and experiencing their benefits. They have experienced unjust, unequal and arbitrary taxation; this is the result of the institutions of tyranny. They must experience equal, just and scientific taxation; this is the result of free institutions. They have experienced arrest without cause, imprisonment without a hearing, and beheld justice bought and sold; these are the results of the institutions of tyranny. They must experience arrest only for cause publicly made known, conviction only after trial publicly conducted and justice impartial, unpurchasable and speedily administered; these are the results of free institutions. They have experienced suppression of free speech, the violation of the home and robbery by officer of church and state; these

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are the results of the institutions of tyranny. They must experience liberty of speech, the sanctity of the fireside, the separation of church and state.

These are the results which they will experience under the government of the American republic, for these are the results of American institutions, and the institutions of every nation follow its flag. German institutions follow the flag of the fatherland. English institutions follow the banner of St. George. French institutions follow the tricolor of France. And just so, American institutions follow the starry banner of the republic. Nay! Our institutions not only follow the flag; they accompany it. They troop beneath its folds of glory. Wherever an American citizen goes he carries the spirit of our institutions. On whatever soil his blood is shed to establish the sovereignty of our flag, there are planted the imperishable seeds of the institutions of the nation; and there those institutions flourish in proportion as the soil where they are planted is prepared for them.

Of these institutions, the American Constitution is the highest, noblest and ultimate expression; and so our Constitution can grow only where the simpler forms of our institutions have already prepared the way. Therefore, our Constitution may follow the flag, but our institutions do follow the flag. Our Constitution did not create our institutions; our institutions created our Constitution. Our Constitution did not give us liberty; liberty gave us our Constitution. Free institutions are as definite, certain and concrete as our Constitution itself. Free speech is an institution of liberty. Free schools are an institution of liberty. The freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience is an institution of liberty.

The considerations of commerce, of civilization, of necessity and of all the elements from which sound judgment is compounded, converge upon these words of destiny: "The Philippines are ours and ours forever." We cannot surrender them! We dare not surrender them! We ought not sur-

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render them! Does any man believe that the Philippine people will not have freer speech, speedier justice, more equal rights and more of all the fruits of liberty under the Stars and Stripes than under the flag of a Malay oligarchy? Does any man believe that American liberties will be lost because we administer the substance of liberty to those children? Does any man believe that the American institution of free schools, which upholds the four corners of the republic, will be destroyed or impaired because we plant free schools throughout the Philippines? Does any man believe that equal rights will be impaired here because we establish equal rights there?

Our flag! Our institutions! Our Constitution! This is the immortal order in which American civilization marches and shall march around the world until all mankind shall, in the luminous centuries to come, be brought beneath the spirit and practice of our liberty.

ANGELA'S MISSIONARY OFFERING.

FRANCES GREENMAN.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the church, where the handsome young George Musgrave was pastor, decided to raise money through the children. Each child in Sunday-school was given a paper-bank, with one penny in it for a nest-egg, and told that on the first Sunday in April he or she should stand up in church, tell how much money she had earned and how she earned it. Little ANGELA REGINA, orphan niece of the minister, who lives with him, is speaking. She has no bank, but a large wooden case filled with tin-cans and boxes, which she empties, one after another, into the collection-box with accounts of how she made the money they contain.

I HAVE them all labeled, so I wouldn't mix them. This contains ten pennies. I thought it was a good plan to begin early, so after Sunday-school, the day Mr. Slack gave us the nest-egg pennies, a lot of us went out behind the church and flipped 'em. I won ten.

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Then, in this little pill-box is five cents. I sold the pasteboard money-bank to a boy who goes to another Sunday-school.

One day I was over to Mrs. Spence's. You know what a lovely pansy-bed she has. Those Presbyterian folks next door have a terrible old rooster; he comes over every day and cleans out those pansies. "I'd give a dollar," said Mrs. Spence, "if some one would wring that rooster's neck." I wrung it; here is the dollar.

One evening at dusk I was going by Nellie Henly's woodshed and I heard some one crying inside. It was Nellie. Mrs. Henly was going to punish her and she had gone in the house to get the hairbrush. I thought right off about the Mission cause. "Nellie," said I, "will you give me anything I want of yours if I take your whipping for you? It's dark and we are about of a size." Nellie promised. I found out two things: Mrs. Henly whips Nellie too hard and she uses too big a hairbrush. I knew Nellie's Uncle Tom had sent her a five-dollar gold-piece. Here is one dollar and a half. I considered the whipping worth about three dollars and fifty cents, so I spent that for myself.

One night about half-past ten the moon was so bright I went out to take a little stroll. I never saw a soul but Charlie Himus, and—Louanna, you needn't go out of church. I wasn't going to tell how droopy you looked, nor one thing about Charlie's arm. He only had thirty-five cents with him. Charlie has been kind of dilly-dallying for months. He likes two girls pretty nearly the same. One-half of his heart is Louanna's, the other half Betty Prague's.

This contains twenty-five five-cent pieces. I earned them carrying notes to Uncle George, at five cents a note, from Miss Dovie Swallow. Uncle George pretty nearly said a Word whenever I brought 'em, and he tore up three without reading 'em; so I felt I could spend three of the five-cent pieces.

This is empty. It ought to contain at least thirty cents.

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One day in July, while I was resting in Mr. Hartly's arbor, I heard him tell his wife she shouldn't have one cent all summer, unless she got rid of the batch of pennies with holes in 'em that had been foisted off on him one evening at dusk by a stranger trading at the store. You blamed that simple boy from the poorhouse for all the punched pennies in our Sunday collections. I offered to keep still about it for twenty-five cents. He hung on for fifteen and I had to take it out in trade at his store. I cannot say much for his candy and peanuts. They are very stale. You can do ever so much better at Darker's. *He* never weighs things down with his thumb or worries about giving one piece too much. You understand now why this box is empty.

Ten cents for buying hair-dye at the drug-store for Miss Lynette Cole.

Perhaps you do not know that Uncle George talks in his sleep. Well, he does. I found it out one afternoon. He smiled so sweetly and murmured, "Dear, dear Perdita." Uncle George wouldn't give me a cent, so I put in one myself. I give it cheerfully. I suppose I shall have to do my playing in the graveyard for a week or so. That's where Uncle makes me go when he punishes me. Anyhow, you told us when we began to save for Missionary Sunday that we were to tell exactly how we earned the money, so I have to 'splain how I came to give this cent.

You remember the Monday that Mrs. Todd beat every one getting her wash on the line? Well, I helped her. I held the clothes-pins. Mrs. Todd told me she was tired of hints. "Some folks," she said, "will get their come-up-ance this day. I mean to get ahead of the whole village. If more of 'em had to do for two sets of twins under four years of age and an odd one, they'd see. There's Mrs. Tanner—I guess she'd find a heap of difference between real children and a little, yellow cur-dog. Calls herself 'ma.' 'Come, Fido; come, Fido; come to its ma!'" Mrs. Todd took *clean* sheets and things that

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Monday, dipped them, and hung them out. The *real* wash she did in the night. I only charged her ten cents, for Mr. Todd was out of a job.

Deacon Weatherwax comes to see Abby Farwell at our house. He has been six times. Here is thirty cents he gave me. The Deacon's wife has been dead only three months.

You all remember when little Ned Smith was sick with St. Vitus's dance. Doctor Maury was trying to cure him with small, brown capsules. I made a bargain with Ned. He had a lot of nickels and ten-cent-pieces in his bank. I took fifty-five of those capsules and—Ned got well.

The other day I was going up the alley hunting for my kitten when I heard low talking in Mr. Briarly's barn. "I'll call that store bill you owe me square if you'll vote for me for trustee when 'lection times comes round." Well, I only got—but, Uncle George, they told me I must tell how I made the money. It isn't fair to stop me. But, Uncle George—well—all right. He says I can't tell any more.

TRIUMPH OF FATHER.

MARY STEWART CUTTING.

"WELL, what do you want me to do, to-day, Min? Speak up quick," said Mr. Harlow, standing on the porch, in his holiday costume of baggy trousers, outing shirt and coat, with bulging pockets, and a disreputable gray felt hat. "It's nearly ten o'clock and I must go downtown and get nails before the stores close. If there's anything round the house you want mended, now's your time to tell me."

"We want a screw for the wringer—or perhaps it's a nut," said Mrs. Harlow, hazily. "The top is off the piano-stool, and there is the arm of the red chair,—you'll find it in the closet under the stairs,—and one of the faucets in the kitchen

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keeps running. Oh, yes, and there's a caster off the refrigerator. But, David, you are not going down to the village looking like that? It's really disgraceful!"

"What's the matter with the clothes I have on?" Mr. Harlow looked down at himself with satisfaction. "Just the things to work in." He stopped to take the letters from the postman. "Here's one for me from Tom. I'll read it as I go along. Good-bye!"

Mrs. Harlow, slender and trim in a freshly-washed lilac cambric gown, sat on the piazza, opening her letters. Nothing whatever of interest presented itself for her, but the fact that her husband was home for the day seemed to breathe a pleasant sense of confusion and excitement.

"Any letters, mother?"

Betty, the daughter, in white shirt-waist and straw hat, perched herself on the end of the piazza. "I'm going to the train to meet Sylvia, but it isn't time yet. I'm so glad she'll be here: I haven't seen her for weeks."

"There's a letter from your Aunt Kitty," said the mother. "Your Uncle Tom is going to retire from business. They want to take Lutie abroad. I can't quite make out where they're going; it looks like Himalaya. Oh, I see! it's Edinburgh."

"It might as well be Himalaya. Lutie's never had anything but changes of air since she was born," said Betty, crossly. "How some people do travel! They seem to have money for everything, while we—well, things can't go on like this much longer! I'm going to work and earn something just as soon as I can. And Jack says he wants to leave school and go in an office like Herbert. It's too bad to leave so much on father. Don't you think he has had more on his mind lately?"

"I'm afraid he has," said Mrs. Harlow, with a sigh. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, something horrid happened yesterday! I meant to keep it to myself, but I can't." Betty's cheeks were red, her eyes were flashing. "I was at Mrs. Kennedy's, and she asked

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if there was anything the matter with father, he had been looking so worn lately."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Harlow, indignantly.

"Then when I was in the hall I heard them talking; I couldn't help it. They said—she and Mrs. Bradley—what a pity it was when a man didn't get on well in business, and Mrs. Tower said she was always so sorry for the wife of an unsuccessful man; it must be so dreadful, if you had any ambition, to see your husband a failure. I was so angry I could hardly walk home. I went upstairs and cried. I wanted to burst right in and tell them how nobly father had behaved when old Johnson absconded, and how he was trying to pay up all the back debts. But I knew it wasn't any use—there's the whistle!" ended Betty, jumping up and making for the train to meet her best friend.

Mr. Harlow had meanwhile wended his way downtown. He had looked forward to a time of ease and leisure, when, instead of tinkering round the house, he might play golf. But no one quite understood what a holiday meant to Mr. Harlow. To escape out of the grimy, artificially-lighted, badly-ventilated office, to escape to green grass, to the click of the lawn-mower, to the shade of elms, to the sweet voices of little children, was to go back into a corner of boyhood.

Mr. Harlow was not old; he was barely middle-aged; yet there were moments when he knew he was not so young as he had been.

He stooped to pick up a tiny, curly-haired girl who had fallen. The action showed him the letter, which he had forgotten, still in his hand. He opened and read it as he walked; stopped, and read it again with knitted brows. Then he walked on and on, until he came to the other side of the village. He did not go near the stores, but strolled towards a large, unoccupied house that stood surrounded by lawns and trees. He sat on the porch steps, deep in thought.

* * * * * *

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"I did not know what had become of you," said his wife, running to meet him as he came back through the gate. "Why, it's after twelve o'clock! I suppose you've been talking all this time to somebody." She did not give him a chance to answer. "How queer you act, David!"

"Well, Min, I've something to tell you. I——" he stopped, his eyes became alert. "Hello! What's that over there?"

"Smoke, isn't it?" she answered. "It seems I can smell it."

"Looks like a fire, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't hear any fire-bells."

Mr. Harlow rose. "Two-thirds of our volunteer fire department are on a picnic to-day. I'm going to find out what's the matter."

"You'd better stay at home!" his wife called, but he was gone.

Then the fire-bells began to ring at last—clang! clang! clang! clang-clang!

The fire was on the outskirts of the village. The smoke rose blacker and blacker, interspersed with bursts of flame.

"I'm going to the fire!" cried Betty, rushing downstairs. "Come on, Syl! Just look at that blaze! There go Herbert and Jack."

The fire had started in outhouses, and, helped by a sudden breeze, had leaped towards a large barn full of fodder.

One man, carrying two buckets of water, came up to Mr. Harlow and put the buckets on the ground.

"There ain't any use in carryin' water," he said, "not a mite o' use, only it seemed sort o' natural to do it. Just look at those flames!"

"The engine ought to hurry up if it's going to do any good," said Mr. Harlow.

"Can't do a particle of good if it does come. There ain't any water here—well and cistern's dry as a bone."

"The house will not catch," said Mr. Harlow; "the wind is the other way. You are sure there was no one in the barn?"

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"Sure," said the man.

They were gazing at the flames. Another moment, and there was a deafening crash through the roar of the fire; half of the barn had fallen in, and revealed beyond, high up on a big beam, the white faces and crouching forms of six little children, huddled close together. Playing in the loft, they had climbed higher and higher back, to get out of reach of the flames.

A cry of horror broke out. The next instant the man, wildly shrieking for help, followed Mr. Harlow, who sped towards the barn.

Mr. Harlow had been an athlete in his day. He threw off his coat and then in some way was climbing up the barn. He disappeared, then reappeared. Swinging himself up on a blackened rafter, he held with one hand to a support, and with the other hand lifted one half-insensible child from her perch, and swung her over into the waiting grasp of a fireman below.

Six times did Mr. Harlow's strong arm plunge forward and encircle a helpless, drooping little form in the sight of breathless spectators. As the last one was safely handed over, a sharp breath of relief came from the crowd. Then there was a leaping flame, and a cloud of smoke surged up and hid him from view.

* * * * *

"The doctor says he'll be all right soon. Really, mother, we're not keeping anything from you," exclaimed Betty, under the impression that she was pacifically calm. "There's not the least cause for worry. He's only suffocated a little, and his hands are burned a little, and his feet; and he's not quite conscious yet, but he's all right. They'll have him home soon. Herbert's with him, and Syl is bringing his coat. And—O mother!"

Betty fell into Mrs. Harlow's arms, and they wept together.

"It was the most glorious thing you ever saw!" said the daughter. "Just as Syl and I reached the field we heard some

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one saying, 'Yes, six children in there, but there's a man trying to get them out.' And then we saw a figure in the barn, through the smoke, and Herbert cried, 'It's father! it's father!' and ran forward, and Jack and I just screamed, 'It's father! Oh, it's father!' And, oh, you ought to have heard everybody, mother,—I'll never forget it,—and Jack cheered, but I could only cry, 'It's father!' And then there was a sort of a crash, and then lots of people came up and told us he'd be all right soon. But if you'd seen how surprised everybody was to find it was father! What's the matter, mother?"

"Oh, nothing," said the mother. She had drawn from the daughter's embrace and was standing erect. "It doesn't surprise me in the least. Why, when we were engaged he saved a man from—O Betty, Betty, here they come!"

It was a cavalcade, with outriders on bicycles and followers on foot, surrounding an ancient barouche, on one seat of which was Mr. Harlow, his white face, grotesque with scorched hair, smiling encouragement at his wife.

"I'm all right. Such nonsense! I don't know what all this fuss is about."

"We know, Mrs. Harlow," said the doctor, as he helped him out of the carriage and upstairs, with bandages on hands and feet.

"Yes, it's the third time," Betty's voice had become attuned to the recital which she was obliged to repeat over and over to the visitors and reporters. "Once he rescued a man from the rapids in the St. Lawrence River; another time he stopped a runaway horse, and saved two women; and another time, when he was quite a boy, he had a fight with two burglars in the dark, and forced them—what is it Herbert wants? I'll go upstairs and see." She opened the door of the room, where the invalid, propped on pillows, with napkin under chin, had the air of an enormous infant as his wife fed him with beef tea. "Mother, there's a reporter downstairs who wants one of father's pictures. There's the telegraph boy riding up—it's

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the sixth message we've had. It says, 'Just heard the news. Love and congratulations for our hero.' It's from Aunt Kitty."

"It's the most fool business I ever heard of," said the man in the bed. "If I'd done anything, I wouldn't mind, but——"

"Yes, dear, don't excite yourself," said the wife, in a soothing tone.

"I hope we're through with all this tommy-rot," said Mr. Harlow, as Betty's footsteps retreated.

"Min!"

"Yes, David."

"Get my coat, and in the inner left-hand side pocket—don't hold it upside down; you'll let all my keys fall out; there, I told you so—some of that change rolled under the bed—never mind, look for it later. The left-hand pocket, I said—not that one; there, now you've hit it! Take that letter out."

"Why, it's the one you got from Tom this morning!"

"Yes; read for yourself."

As Mrs. Harlow read, the color rose in her face. "Tom wishes to retire from active business—yes, that's what Kitty's letter said—O David, he says if you'll take his place in the firm——"

"Don't take my hand, dear!" He winced, but his tone was gentle. "Foolish woman, stop kissing those bandages."

"O David, now your worries will all be over. I wonder what it will seem like to be able to buy anything new once more. And perhaps we could take the Morris house!"

"That's just what I had been thinking of. I was over there prowling round the place this morning. And I'm glad for your sake, Min, that I'm not such a failure as it seemed, after all, dear. What's that noise?"

There was the roll of drums and the sound of footsteps, mingled with Betty's hysterical tones:

"O mother! O mother! Look out of the window! The procession is stopping outside!"

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Before Mrs. Harlow's dazed vision rose ranks and ranks of men, crowding the street with flag in front.

Some one was waving the flag, some one was speaking, and then a cheer, and another, and another, and yet another; but she was not standing by the window; her face was down by her husband's.

"Oh," she breathed, as she touched the bandaged hand that tried to seek hers, "I don't need to have you climb burning barns and rescue children, I don't need to have you 'successful,' as they call it, to know who you are! If every one despised you, if you were so poor you had to—dig—wells, I'd still know you were the dearest, the bravest, the best, the most wonderful man in all the world! I'm just too proud of you to live!"

REUNITED THROUGH SONG.

["ANNIE LAURIE."]

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

ANNIE LAURIE sat twisting bonbons for the quarrymen's Christmas party. Annie Laurie would be fifty-one years old to-morrow, for Christmas was her birthday. Her story was the story of her country. *She* was one of those who "gave their happiness instead." *He* gave his life. They loved each other, and he went to the war.

Annie Laurie was the daughter of the village doctor. George Cliff was in the Granite Company—*was* the Granite Company after his father died.

She was going down into the kitchen one May day, now almost twenty-two years ago, when the doctor came, holding the morning paper in his shaking hand. She turned and kissed him before she took the paper, and went alone upstairs.

It would have been something if she could have laid her lips against the grass upon her soldier's grave. But he lay among

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the nameless dead six hundred miles away. He was not seen by comrade or by friend again.

Everybody knew Annie Laurie. She was not a saint—not a bit of it. She scolded her quarrymen, who idolized her, and she made up for it next time by bursts of tenderness. At fifty-one she was bright-eyed and handsome, with maternal manner and laugh of a girl.

Martin Derrick, present master of the Quarry Company, looked into the house with heavy, hungry eyes. Nothing had ever thwarted Martin Derrick but death and Annie Laurie, who seemed as far from him as the sky. He clinched his hands as he looked in at her through the window. "I will *make* her love me." He went in and sat down by her.

"I don't see that you look a day older than when you were thirty-five."

"It's because I feel so young," laughed Annie Laurie. "I am fifty-one to-morrow, and fifty-one of my boys are coming to my birthday party—will you come too?"

* * * * * *

As he opened the door an hour later the storm came in with a stampede. Feet seemed to follow it. Annie Laurie sprang.

"The cry! The cry! Let me by!"

"Annie Laurie!" they cried. "There's a man in the pit—the old pit."

"Why, he must be got *out!*" said Annie Laurie.

"Get the men to work, keep your wits, don't bother the lady," commanded Martin Derrick. "Go back to the house, Miss Laurie. I will attend to everything."

His voice had the master's ring; but she gave no heed.

It was a long way to the pit. It was very dark. It was very slippery.

"Here we are!" cried Derrick.

She drew her hood back and walked straight to the pit.

Half a dozen men sprang to hold her.

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"The man is not in the water," she said, "he is clinging to the rocks." She threw her powerful voice down into the pit:

"Have hope! Hold on for your life! The quarrymen will save you!"

"Ye hae no bairns to feed like we," said one.

"Give me the rope!" cried Annie Laurie. "Let me down. I'll not stand on this pit's edge and see a human being perish. I'd *rather* die!"

Lights flashed, cables swung, and orders rang out; but Annie Laurie looked on tortured. Her heart was breaking for her men.

The cry came up: "We're afraid we can't do it!"

Her cry went down: "Boys, you *can* do it!"

"He's pretty heavy; he can't help himself any."

"Boys, bring up the poor man as if he were my brother! *Treat him, boys, as if I loved him!*"

"Sing," said an old Scotchman; "sing to the lads while they do the deed."

"Ay, ay! She sings to us times we're workin' in th' quarry; they'll like it."

"Oh, perhaps; but I'd rather be risking my life in the pit than to stay safe up here and sing at them."

"It is the lassie's place—it is the lassie's part."

She stood erect and poured all her courage into her voice:

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie——"

The cry came up from the pit: "Ay, ay! Sing!"

"Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie,
Gie'd me her promise true."

She sang and did not trust herself any longer now to see.

"Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee."

"It is all over," said Martin Derrick. "They have come up. They are safe. Nobody is hurt."

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"Is the man hurt?"

"Only fainted. I wouldn't look at him."

"Oh, yes, I must look at him." When she had looked she said, "Bring him to my house."

She got into her room and locked her door.

"It is the resemblance!" she cried. "Oh, it is the resemblance!"

In the morning they told her the injured man was comfortable, but confused.

Alone in the music-room, with his head bound, his arm in a sling, Annie Laurie found him.

It was no resemblance! God of mercy! That pitiful figure, wan with misery, ragged, with a scarred face,—old, gray, with the beautiful eyes that had won her!

"*George!*" she cried. They took one step toward each other, when she stopped, threw up her arms with a terrible cry: "But you were dead! You have been a dead man for twenty-two years! I wish you were."

He put his hands out as if she had struck him, but she saw them not. She had gone deadly white.

"You were alive—all these years. You did not come to me. You chose—oh, my gracious God! What shall I say? What does a woman say to a man who has done—such a thing? Why, George! I said I would be your wife. All these years I have been like—like—see! I have kept your ring on my hand. My dress is black. I have been like your——" She covered her face with her hands.

"Annie," said George Cliff—"I have a word to say to thee. I couldn't help it. Try to believe me. I have been—where I couldn't come. Perhaps I can't expect to be believed, but I was hurt about the head. I have been in an insane asylum."

"For twenty-two years?"

"I do not know."

"Do not *know?*"

"As God hears me—no. I have been—a long time—sick—

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confused. When I came to myself I came to you. I thought you'd listen to me."

"Oh, as God made us two," cried Annie Laurie, "tell me the truth and tell me all you can!"

"It hurts me—here;" he put his hand to his head. She began to see what a wreck he was; but she stood apart until she had heard all. He supposed that he had been left for dead on the field, captured in delirium of fever, and made maniac, or kept so, in some prison. He believed that he must have escaped. He thought he must have had periods of comparative sanity. As he grew physically stronger he struggled to remember. Sometimes he had strange thoughts of a quarry, the sea. "One day," he said, "it was evening, and I had mowed grass all day. It was sunset, and all the men started to go over the pasture. They sang as they walked. I was tired in the body, but my head was cool and quiet. The men sang:

> "'Her face it is the fairest
> That e'er the sun shone on . . . .
> And she's a' the world to me.'

"I stopped and said, 'Good God! Annie Laurie. That is her name. That is my dear girl's name.' And then I said, '*George Cliff!* Annie Laurie! *She's a' the world to you!*' So I arose and came to thee."

She sank slowly on her knees; she crawled before him, and laid her cheek on his ragged shoe.

* * * * * *

The quarrymen had their Christmas party. She put away her black dress, and stood among them in a gown of white wool.

"Come, boys," said their leader, "give her joy! You'd oughter. It is the Lord's doing. Give her joy, boys!—give it to her hearty!"

"May God Almighty bless her!" said Martin Derrick, last of all.

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SAUL.

ROBERT BROWNING.

[Abridged and Arranged.]

It had been prophesied that the throne of Israel was to depart from Saul and his descendants forever and be given unto David, the son of Jesse. Occasionally mad fits of impotent rage and jealousy would take possession of the King and he would shut himself away from men, refusing to eat, drink or move. He would become spiritually dead. At such times the only one who could bring him back to life was David. Abner, captain of the King's bodyguard, would send for the sweet singer of Israel, and he would go to the monarch at the risk of his own life (for probably Saul's first act would be to hurl his spear at David's head), and by the influence of music and love, he would rouse in Saul his former high aspirations and a joy in the value of life.

I.

SAID Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
And he, "Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.

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II.

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

III.

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch, all withered and gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid
But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
At first I saw naught but the blackness; but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.
Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof, showed Saul.

IV.

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the center, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in his pangs

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And waiting his change, the king serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.

V.

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sun-beams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.

VI.

Then the tune, for which quails on the cornland will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another.

* * * * * *

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song, when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life. And then, the last song

VII.

When the dead man is praised on his journey: "Bear, bear him along
With his few faults shut up like dead flowerets! Are balm-seeds not here
To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.
Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!" And then, the glad chant

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Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens, next, she whom we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling. And then, the great march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch
Naught can break; who shall harm them, our friends? Then, the chorus intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.
But I stopped here; for here in the darkness Saul groaned.

VIII.

And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened apart:
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered; and sparkles 'gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban, at once with a start,
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies courageous at heart.
So the head; but the body still moved not, still hung there erect. erect.
And I bent once again to my playing, pursued it unchecked,
As I sang:

IX.

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is crouched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,
And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.

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How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword thou didst guard
When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly departed, and hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness? 'Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best.'

* * * * * *

And the friends of thy boyhood, that boyhood of wonder and hope,
Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the eye's scope,
Till, lo! thou art grown to a monarch; a people is thine;
And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on one head combine!

* * * * * *

High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them,—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

X.

And, lo! with that leap of my spirit,—heart, hand, harp, and voice,
Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each bidding rejoice
Saul's fame in the light it was made for.

* * * * * *

"Saul!" cried I, and stopped
And waited the thing that should follow. Then Saul, who hung propped

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By the tent's cross-support in the center, was struck by his name.
* * * * * * One long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me, released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to traverse 'twixt hope and despair
Death was past, life not come: so he waited. * * * *

XI.

* * * * * * * What spell or what charm
(For, a while there was trouble within me), what next should I urge
To sustain him where song had restored him?—Song filled to the verge
His cup with the wine of this life.

* * * * * *

He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks not; he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

XII.

Then fancies grew rife
Which had come long ago on the pasture, when round me the sheep
Fed in silence.
* * * * * * * And now these old trains
Of vague thought came again; I grew surer; so, once more the string
Of my harp made response to my spirit, as thus:

XIII.

"Yea, my King,"
I began, "thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring

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From the mere mortal life held in common by man and by brute:
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit.

* * * * * *

Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!
By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome thee, thou still shalt enjoy
More indeed, than at first when, inconscious, the life of a boy.
Crush that life and behold its wine running! Each deed thou hast done
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until e'en as the sun
Looking down on the earth, though clouds spoil him, though tempests efface,
Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere trace
The results of his past summer-prime,—so, each ray of thy will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor, till they too give forth
A like cheer to their sons, who, in turn, fill the south and the north
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of. * * *
Then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou art!"

XIV.

While I sang thus, assuring the monarch, and, evermore strong,
Made a proffer of good to console him, he slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes

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Of his turban; and, see, the huge sweat that his countenance bathes,
He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set before.
He is Saul, ye remember in glory.

* * * * * *

So sank he along by the tent-prop, till, stayed by the pile
Of his armor and war-cloak and garments, he leaned there a while,
And sat out my singing, one arm round the tent-prop, to raise
His bent head, and the other hung slack, till I touched on the praise
I foresaw from all men in all time, to the man patient there;
And thus ended, the harp falling forward. Then first I was 'ware
That he sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees
Which were thrust out on each side around me, like oak-roots which please
To encircle a lamb when it slumbers. I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow: through my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power,
All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine.
And, oh, all my heart how it loved him! but where was the sign?
I yearned, "Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,
I would add, to that life of the past, both the future and this;

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I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence
As this moment,—had love but the warrant, love's heart to dispense!"

XV.

Then the truth came upon me. No harp more, no song more! outbroke:

XVI.

"I have gone the whole round of creation; I saw and I spoke;
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of His handwork—returned Him again
His creation's approval or censure; I spoke as I saw,
Reported, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.
Now I lay down the judgeship He lent me. Each faculty tasked
To perceive Him, has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop was asked.
Have I knowledge? confounded, it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite Care!
Do I task any faculty highest to image success?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.

* * * * * *

There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance (I laugh as I think),
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift. Behold, I could love if I durst!

* * * * * *

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? Here, the parts shift?

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Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?
Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much less the power,
To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvelous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with?—to make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the whole?
And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest),
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the best?
Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection,—succeed, with life's day-spring, death's minute of night?
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the mistake,
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet
To be run and continued, and ended,—who knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.

XVII.

"I believe it! 'Tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive:
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to believe.
I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loth
To look that, even that in the face too? Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?

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This:—'tis not what man *Does* which exalts him, but what man *Would* do!
See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to save him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou!

* * * * * *

'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

SAVED BY FIRE-DRILL DISCIPLINE.

["IMP AND THE DRUM."]

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

ONCE a week Miss Eleanor taught a crowd of mill-hands' children. She rented an old dancing-hall two flights up.

One Thursday the Imp went with Miss Eleanor, when big Hans, with a glance at the Imp's clean hands, went and washed his own.

When they had finished the story about Washington at Valley Forge, Miss Eleanor got them into a line and went out, returning with a drum.

"Now," said she, "we're going to learn the fire-drill."

She explained that in city schools, they practised going out

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in line at a mock alarm of fire; that every child must have his place; no one must cry out, or run ahead, or push, or try to hurry. She arranged the little ones first, then girls, last of all the boys, with big Hans at the rear, and Olga, a motherly child of 11, managing the little ones.

"Now," she said, "we won't leave the room this first time; we'll just march round till we all can keep step. I'll drum the first time, and then the best boy shall be drummer."

She hit the drum a resounding blow—a muffled, flat noise was the result. She tried again.

Big Hans, whose father played in a band, said solemnly:

"Not so! You no hit good! You no hit hard!"

"Oh, Hans, can *you* play it?" Hans struck a mighty blow. The familiar sound of a drum filled the place, but, alas! Hans had no idea of time.

Miss Eleanor drummed until her arm ached, but the children were getting restless.

"Oh, dear! *who* would have thought it was so hard?" she exclaimed. Then she noticed the Imp.

"*I* can—*I* can play a drum, Miss Eleanor!"

She looked doubtful.

"Well, put it on." The Imp wagged his head, and began.

Brrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrrr—um dum!

The children jumped with delight, the line started off, the Imp drumming for dear life.

Miss Eleanor was delighted. She felt that afternoon to have been one of the best they had had. As for the Imp, he had a new interest in life.

For a month they practised regularly. There was no fire-alarm in the old hall. Miss Eleanor called sharply, "*Now!*" when they were to form, and it was one of the suppressed excitements of the afternoon to wait for that word.

Miss Eleanor's one terror was fire. So, though big Hans

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begged to be allowed to call "Fire!" she would never let him.

One windy Thursday Miss Eleanor racked her brains for amusement. It was cold in the room. Partly to keep the children contented, and partly to get them warm, she proposed blindman's-buff. The stamping feet of the boys and the shrill cry of the girls made a deafening noise; the dust rose in clouds; rules were forgotten; the boys began to scuffle and fight, and the little girls danced about excitedly.

Miss Eleanor called to them, but they paid no attention. She rang a bell.

"I'm going to open the door, to get a thorough draft," she said, "and then we'll quiet down."

As she opened the door a great cloud of brown, hot smoke poured into the room; a loud roaring, with snapping crackles behind it, came from below; Miss Eleanor suddenly put her hand to her heart, turned perfectly white, and half fell against the door.

For a moment the children were still. Then, suddenly, one of them started down the hall. With a cry she went after him, half the children following her; but in a moment they crowded back, screaming. The stairs were on fire!

Miss Eleanor tried to call out, but she could not speak above a whisper. She shut the door.

"Call," she whispered, "call, 'Fire!' out of the window. Quick!"

But they stumbled about, crying and struggling to get by her. Only Olga ran to the window, and sent out a piercing little shriek:

"*Fire! Fire!*"

For a moment there was no answer, then a woman called:

"Come out! Come out, you!"

"Our stairs is burnt all up! We can't!" screamed Olga.

The woman ran calling for help, and the children surged about the door trying to drag Miss Eleanor away from it.

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"Wait," she begged. "You can't go that way—they'll bring ladders! Oh, wait!"

With a thrill of terror, she saw big Hans drag a child away from the window, and deliberately prepare to climb out over her little body.

Suddenly she caught sight of the Imp.

"Come here!" she said weakly. But he paid no attention.

As the smoke began to come up through the floor, a new sound cut through the roar and the crackle of the flames.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm, brrrm, brrrm!

Big Hans, with one leg out of the window, turned back. Olga instinctively looked about for her small charges.

But they wavered undecidedly, and as the sound of steps outside and the clattering of horses' feet reached them, a new rush for the door began, and Miss Eleanor's hand slipped from the knob, while she fell beside it.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrr—um dum!

That familiar long roll had never been disobeyed; the habit of sudden, delighted response was strong; and with a quick recollection that he was to be head boy, big Hans jumped to the head of a straggling line. Olga was behind him in a moment. Above the growing tumult outside came the quick, regular:

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The children marched as if hypnotized. Big Hans, elated at his position,—his for the first time,—never took his eyes off the black sticks, and worked his mouth excitedly, in time to the beats.

Miss Eleanor, the door hot against her back, forced her trembling lips into a smile, and cheered them on.

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Suddenly there was a clanging, a quick, sharp ringing gong; the sound of running feet, and loud, hoarse orders. The line wavered. She called:

"Don't stop, children! Keep on! Stand straight, Hans, and show them how well you can lead!"

Hans tossed his head, glared at a boy across the room who had broken through, and forged ahead. In another moment three helmeted heads looked through three windows. At the same moment a sharp hissing sound interrupted the roaring below, and though the door was brown behind her, and a tiny red point was glowing brighter in the wall near by, Miss Eleanor's strength returned.

"Don't stop, Hans! Remember, little ones first! Olga's children first!"

With a grunt of assent Hans marched on, the line closing up mechanically over the gaps the men made, who snatched out the children as they passed by the windows, and handed them rapidly down the long ladders. In vain the firemen tried to get the boys. They wriggled obstinately out of their grasp, till every girl was lifted out, Olga standing by the window till the last of her charges was safe.

The door fell in with a bang, the smoke rolled up from between the cracks in the floor. As the plaster dropped from the walls the Imp felt a strong grasp on his arm.

"Let go!" he commanded gruffly, and brought down his free stick with a whack on the man's knuckles. With a sharp exclamation the man let go, and the Imp pressed on. The line was small now; another round and there would be but a handful. The floor near the door began to sag; the men took two at a time of the bigger boys. Hans slipped out by himself! Two men lifted Miss Eleanor out of one window, a third meanwhile carried out the Imp, actually beating the drum as it dangled before him, while a fourth man took a last look, and crying, "O. K.! All out!" ran down his ladder alone.

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HOW THE DRUNKARD GOES DOWN TO THE TOMB.

[Serious parody on Southey's "Cataract of Lodore."]

HERE he comes crawling
And there he lies sprawling,
Here growling and muttering,
His gloomy thoughts uttering,
He totters along, with passions so strong,
Now striking and raging,
Or wordy war waging,
His drunken companions among.

Sitting and drinking, ogling and winking,
Rising and leaping, peering and peeping,
Humming and singing, swelling and flinging,
Turning and twisting, around and around,
Hallooing and cooing, with endless rebound;
Sparring and fighting,
Lewd pieces reciting,
Blundering, thundering,
Disgusting and deafening the ear with the sound.

Laughing and scoffing, sneering and jeering,
Hissing and kissing, sporting and courting,
Spouting and shouting, rhyming and chiming,
Smoking and joking, jesting, detesting,
Huffing and puffing, bouncing and pouncing,
Sweating and betting, winning and dinning,
Slapping and rapping, whipping and skipping,
Scuffling and shuffling, rattling and battling,
Ranting and panting, blustering and flustering,
Reading, receding
With antic so frantic,
Conceited, pedantic.

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Jumping and bumping and thumping,
Dancing and glancing and prancing,
Bawling and squalling and calling,
Chattering and shattering and battering,
Scaring and swearing and tearing,
Tiring, persevering,
The fumes are expiring;
Money gone, credit none,
Kicked about, bolted out.
Staggering, swaggering, whirling, twirling,
Wheeling, reeling, tumbling, grumbling,
Pondering, wandering, moping, groping,
Here he goes with broken nose,
Battered face, sad grimace,
Chairs he crashes, crockery smashes,
Wife he thrashes, children lashes,
Passions deadly, such a medly.

Sighing, crying, snoring, roaring,
Groaning, moaning, sleeping, weeping,
Screaming, dreaming, screeching, retching
All the night, till morning light;
Then on waking, head is aching,
Shaking, quaking, shivering, quivering,
Whining, pining, quailing, wailing,
He seems to see spirits dire,
With eyes of fire, and fiendish glee,
Mocking at his misery.

Yet spite of all his pain
And woes, he goes
And seeks it yet again.
To himself he's a fool,
To liquor a slave,
To the landlord a tool,
To his friends he's a knave,

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And he makes his own winding-sheet, digs his own grave.
Cut down in his bloom,
He seals his own doom,
And this way the drunkard goes down to the tomb.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

LORD BYRON.

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crowned me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun.

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though withered, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

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